HARPER'S WEEKLY
A JOURNAL OF CIVILIZATION

Vol. XXXVII.—No. 1883.
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NEW YORK, SATURDAY, JANUARY 21, 1893.

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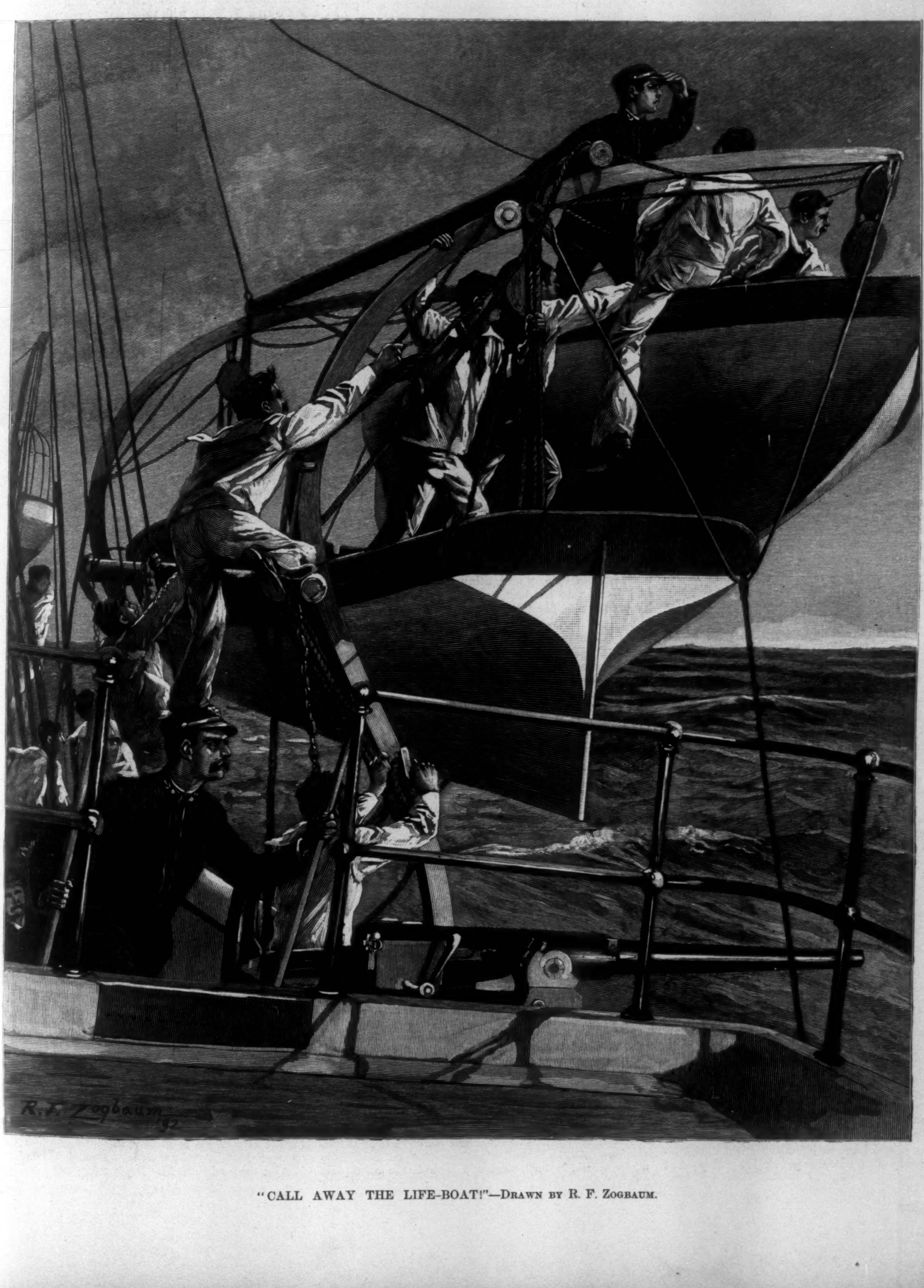


"CALL AWAY THE LIFE-BOAT!"—Drawn by R. F. Zogbaum.

HARPER'S WEEKLY,

(TWENTY-FOUR PAGES.)

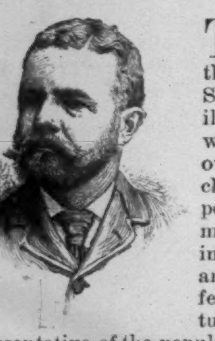
PUBLISHED

NEW YORK CITY, JANUARY 21, 1893.

TERMS: 10 CENTS A COPY.—$4 00 A YEAR, IN ADVANCE.

Subscriptions may begin with any Number.

SENATOR LODGE.



THE election of Mr. HENRY CABOT LODGE to the Senate of the United States furnishes a striking illustration of the change which of late has come over the politics of Massachusetts. Some of the best political traditions of former days had been preserved in that State longer than anywhere else. Until a few years ago its Legislature was a remarkably true representative of the popular intelligence and virtue. It always counted among its members some of the best men of the State. Its debates excelled by their freedom and instructiveness. It maintained a high standard of official integrity, and was but seldom carried away by a narrow party spirit. It abhorred caucus rule in matters of such importance as the election of United States Senators, and cultivated among its members an honorable independence of individual opinion. The ruling party, too, in Massachusetts was controlled far more by public sentiment in contradistinction to control by "bosses" or "machines" than in many other States. It was proud of being the leading champion of great principles, and to fight in the vanguard of progress. Its conventions were meetings of freemen having opinions of their own, and intent upon putting forward for high office their best men, who would do honor to their State and to the whole nation. And such men would have considered it a disgrace to themselves and a desecration of the offices they were to fill had they in the slightest degree permitted themselves to descend to the low arts of political management in order to obtain their places. Such was the Republican Massachusetts of SUMNER, WILSON, and ANDREW.

There has been a deplorable change. The Republican party of Massachusetts is now hardly less machine-ridden than is that of New York. The Legislature has lost its prestige. Within a few years past it has repeatedly been subjected to suspicion of corrupt dealings, and now it obediently carries out the behests of the party boss. And this deterioration has for some time and in some important respects been most effectively promoted by the present beneficiary of it. Mr. LODGE is a man of fortune, of high social position, of large literary attainments, and of considerable general ability. He grew up under the influence of surroundings most favorable to the development of a high-toned public man. CHARLES SUMNER was an intimate friend of his family. He belonged to a circle of young men distinguished by ability, culture, public spirit, and a noble ambition of public usefulness. He started out in public life with the most laudable intentions as a Massachusetts Republican of the best type, animated with the purpose of keeping alive and improving upon the best traditions of the party and the State. In 1884 he attended the Republican National Convention as a delegate and as one of the most ardent opponents of Mr. BLAINE'S nomination for the Presidency. He was eloquent in his denunciations of Mr. BLAINE'S record and public character, and in his predictions of the evils sure to follow were such a man nominated and elected. But Mr. BLAINE was nominated, and Mr. LODGE had arrived at the turning-point of his career. Almost all the friends of his youth went one way, he the other. He remained with his party, not in silent submission, as some other Republican opponents of Mr. BLAINE did, but he became an open and active advocate of Mr. BLAINE'S election. He was rewarded with a Republican nomination for Congress, and he took the reward.

The reason he gave for his course—that he still saw in the Republican party, even with Mr. BLAINE at its head, the best safeguard of the public interest—would have been more readily taken as sincere had he not at once accepted his reward, and had he not subsequently, to accommodate himself to the tendencies of his party, dropped most of the opinions and turned his back upon many of the principles he had formerly professed, not only on the field of politics and economics, but also on that of public ethics. Had he remained true to his original convictions and standards, he would have resisted to the last the adoption by his party of an extreme protective policy—but he supported the MCKINLEY tariff; he would have strenuously opposed any policy dangerous to peace, prosperity, and the growth of friendly relations between the whites and the negroes in the South—but he became the sponsor of the famous force bill; he would not only have advocated civil service reform measures in the House of Representatives, but he would have made himself the example of a member of Congress practically treating the offices in his district as places of public trust, to be filled exclusively on the ground of merit, without any partisan consideration—but he became a distributor of spoils like the rest of them; he would have struggled hard to preserve the good old political traditions of his State; he would have fought to the bitter end to keep his party in Massachusetts free from machine rule, and to maintain its high intellectual and moral character; he would have modelled his own conduct strictly upon the high standard set by his early friend, CHARLES SUMNER, in proudly abstaining from anything like political "work" in the pursuit of public office—but it was he who introduced and developed machine methods in the government of his party; he pressed upon the Legislature a "gerrymandering" scheme from the shamelessness of which even his followers recoiled; he devoted himself to the running of caucuses and conventions like an old machine hand; he induced the Republican State Convention to pass a resolution instructing the Republican members of the Legislature to hold, for the first time in the history of the State, a caucus for the nomination of a United States Senator; he set up the pins and laid the wires for the election of members favorable to himself; he brought about the holding of a "snap" caucus even before the Legislature was organized, outdoing our own HILL'S and MURPHY'S, and he thus effected his nomination and election as a Senator of the United States. CHARLES SUMNER, had he lived, would have turned away with amazement and disgust from the conduct of his pupil. The State of Massachusetts has never seen a Senatorial election like this.

Success, by whatever means achieved, has a seductive charm for many minds. But those who study Mr. LODGE'S methods of achieving political success should not overlook this significant circumstance. Mr. LODGE might, and in all probability would, have reached the goal of his ambition just as surely, and much more honorably and satisfactorily to himself, had he remained true to his first ideals. He had all the requisite elements of a brilliant career at his command. Had he given all the ability and time and labor he squandered on the miserable business of machine-building and wire-pulling, and on the direction of tricky party politics, to the earnest study and treatment of public questions, and to the establishment of a solid reputation as a statesman, the Senatorship would surely have come to him as a free offering by a State proud of him, instead of his running after it like a man who would steal it if he could not get it honestly. He would then have sat in the Senate with a consciousness of dignity and independence, owing his position to his own worth, unhampered by any obligation to greedy henchmen, and free to do his best, according to his lights and his conscience, for the welfare of the American people. It is not improbable that, having six assured years before him, he means to do this now. But he will find that a machine-made Senator is not permitted to forget his origin. His associations are apt to cling to him, and, unless he finds in them his congenial element, to make his position of honor and power one of continual self-reproach and humiliation. There are not many instances on record in which a man of spirit and higher aspirations, once fallen under such dependence, succeeded in freeing himself entirely from the hampering and galling yoke.

THE "ANTI-SNAPPERS" AND THE SENATORSHIP.

THE "anti-snappers" are the great body of Democrats in the State of New York who are opposed to the methods of the "machine." Speaking broadly, they may be said to be the Democrats who believe in the Democratic principles that have triumphed in the election of GROVER CLEVELAND. The "machine" is composed of those to whom Democracy is merely an organization formed for the purpose of capturing offices, spoils, contracts, opportunities for making money out of public works, the control of the public business and the public moneys, with the opportunities thereby afforded for feathering their own nests, for filling their own purses with gains mainly ill-got.

The "anti-snappers" doubtless constitute the majority of the 650,000 citizens who cast their votes for Mr. CLEVELAND. The "machine" is thoroughly organized. Under the laws of the State, and its own rules and practices, it has control of the machinery by which Democratic nominations are made. It dominates the town and city committees outside of New York and Brooklyn, and consequently the county committees. In New York and Brooklyn the State machine is subordinate to local machines. The county committees control the various conventions within their jurisdiction, and the Assembly conventions which choose delegates to State conventions. As the State Convention names the State Committee, which, in turn, absolutely controls the subsequent State Convention, it is apparent why the "machine" is supreme in the party.

The Democratic voters, although apparently acting through the "machine," have no voice in the government of their own party. They cannot select their delegates for a convention. In the city the delegates are appointed by Tammany Hall. Outside of the city they are appointed by the local and State machines. Not only have the voters no voice in the selection of delegates, but the delegates to a convention have no discretion in nominating candidates. These are dictated to them by "bosses." The "bosses" at present constitute a group known as the "Big Four," of whom even the Governor of the State is an humble and obedient tool.

And yet this powerful and autocratic "machine" has been defeated and baffled by the Democratic voters who insisted on the nomination of Mr. CLEVELAND. Senator HILL, the leader of the "Big Four," proposed to defeat Mr. CLEVELAND and secure his own nomination through the manipulation of his "machine." Notwithstanding the fact, however, that the State's delegation was instructed for him, they could neither nominate him nor persuade the National Convention that Mr. CLEVELAND could not carry the State. In the campaign that followed, the "machine" was not loyal to Mr. CLEVELAND. On the contrary, it is now distinctly charged by Mr. SMITH M. WEED with using money contributed by Mr. CLEVELAND'S friends for the purposes of the national campaign to elect Assemblymen friendly to Mr. MURPHY. The campaign for the nomination and the election was waged against the "machine" by the "anti-snappers." They won the victory in each instance. They demonstrated in their first effort that they represented a large number of the Democratic voters of the State, and that they were in harmony with the Democratic sentiment and desires of the country. In their second effort they demonstrated that they possessed sufficient voting strength to overcome the "machine's" disaffection.

The weight of character and intelligence, as well as the majority of the Democratic voters, is against the "machine." The natural leaders of the party are "anti-snappers," and yet, notwithstanding this, the "machine" has pursued its purposes, and, contrary to the expressed wishes of the President-elect and to the desires of the majority of the party in the State, has made Mr. MURPHY a United States Senator. The edict of the "bosses" was carried into effect under the personal manipulation of Senator HILL.

During the weeks that intervened between the Presidential election and the Democratic caucus which set the seal of approval on Mr. MURPHY'S candidacy, as during the Presidential campaign, the "anti-snappers" maintained an admirable attitude. They recognized that the "machine" was in control of the Legislature, but they also knew that a popular clamor might have been raised against Mr. MURPHY which would probably result in his withdrawal. Such action on their part, however, would only embitter the "machine" against Mr. CLEVELAND, and surround the early days of his administration with difficulties. They realized, too, that for their own purposes, and for the eventual distinction of Mr. CLEVELAND'S second term in the Presidency, the "machine's" appointment of Mr. MURPHY to the Senatorship would be better than the election of any one except of some such distinguished man of their own number as Mr. FAIRCHILD, Mr. COUDERT, or Mr. GRACE. Nevertheless, in order to still preserve the full effectiveness of apparent Democratic union, and to give the State a worthier Senator than Mr. MURPHY, the President-elect and many of his friends were willing to accept a member of the "machine," and to agree upon his election. Mr. CLEVELAND did not request that one of his political and personal friends should be nominated. As President-elect, it was the duty of his party in the State to select as a Senator a man whose relations with him were of the closest and most intimate character, one who might speak for him with authority. But Mr. CLEVELAND was willing to yield to the discourtesy of the "machine," and asked of it only that it would name as Senator some one fit to represent the State. Most of his friends think that he went very far in naming Mr. BOURKE COCKRAN as a proper person. However that may be, the men who lead and speak for the majority of the Democratic party in New York, having unselfishly retired to the rear during the campaign, having thereby permitted the hostile "machine" to strengthen itself, have made no factional nor self-seeking fight in the Senatorial contest.

There is no doubt, if they use their great strength, that they can put an end to the "machine" and assume the organization which ought to be theirs by reason not only of their sympathy with Mr. CLEVELAND, but of their voting strength. They have gone far enough for harmony. Good citizens will rejoice that there was no compromise with the "machine," and that if there is to be a struggle between it and the "anti-snappers," it must mean the absolute defeat of one or the other. That there is to be a struggle no observer of current events can question. The patriotism that has induced the giant to remain inactive since the triumph at Chicago, will now compel him to put forth all his energy. The present duty of the "anti-snappers" is to give to Mr. CLEVELAND the support of the Democratic organization of New York.

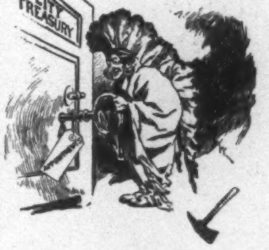
MAYOR GILROY'S APPOINTMENTS.

ON January 3d, the day after he assumed office, the new Mayor of New York announced the names of the citizens who, under his commission, are to exercise the greatest powers and perform the most important duties for years to come. Under the present charter these high offices are filled by the Mayor alone, and these appointments are the highest acts of his mayoralty, those by which it will be mainly judged. Among them are a Commissioner of Public Works; the head of the Fire Department; one member each of the Tax, Excise, and Park boards; and four police justices. Each of them is an essential part of the great municipal organization, and wields more or less power over the well-being of the city and the daily life of its residents. The jurisdiction of a police justice in New York was said by Mayor **Hewitt**, in 1888, to be of more importance to the community than that of a judge of the Court of Appeals. It is certain that the prosperity of the metropolis and the comfort and safety of its citizens and their property for the next few years will depend largely upon the integrity, courage, and ability of the twelve officers appointed last week.

If these appointments merely excited dissent from the Mayor's opinion as to the wisdom of some of the selections, or if it were apparent that while seeking the best service for the public he had made some errors of judgment, the subject would be of great local interest, and the appointments would call for careful discussion and rigid criticism. But the case is very different. There is no room for doubt on the character of the Mayor's selections, nor on the principles which have controlled them. Good service to the public was plainly no element in his view of duty. The question whether the candidates were fitted by character and intellect for the offices was not considered. They were chosen solely in the interests and at the bidding of a private club, which exists only to control the city government and to share its emoluments. The great offices of a community far richer and more powerful than the Rome of **Augustus** or the England of **Elizabeth** have been given to certain leaders and servants of Tammany Hall, either as rewards of past services to that organization, or to secure for it hereafter the profits of the city's business. The meaning and purpose of the appointments are undisputed. The outrage on the public has been committed in the form most shocking to the moral sense, and it is this which makes the event not merely a municipal disaster, but a national scandal.

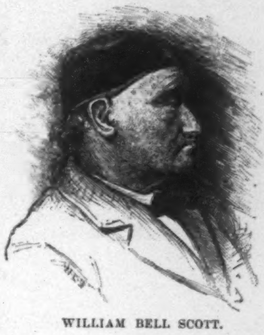
The reputable press of New York, without exception, has exposed and denounced the Mayor's act. But its indignation has been expended mostly on details. That the greatest department of the city's business has been given into notoriously incompetent hands, and has for its nominal head the mere tool of an irresponsible master; that the guardianship of the city against fire is intrusted to a ruffian, whose narrow escape from the gallows is his only claim even to notoriety; that one of the most important courts in Christendom receives as presiding justice a vulgar and ignorant man, known to the city only for the unblushing effrontery with which he has practised corruption in legislation and protected vice in office—these facts have aroused the press to remonstrance. But these are mere incidents. The essential fact is that public office is treated as the property of a set of men, to be disposed of for their benefit at the cost of the community. Strange to say, journals which are emphatic in denouncing the most shameful nominations, speak of these as exceptions, and eagerly seek excuses to praise the rest. In truth, the entire list has been dictated by a single principle, and must be judged as a whole. It is the consistent expression of a fixed purpose to make the municipal government subservient to private ends.

Whenever Tammany has been held in check by a formidable opposition, its appointments have shown some respect, or at least fear, before public opinion. It is too prudent to defy propriety while its power is threatened. But now that it is supreme, it throws off disguise, and reveals the naked deformity of that selfish greed which inspires its whole career. Throughout its history its character has been consistent and its aims unchanged. Whether it puts forward as apparent leader a patriotic and wise statesman as a tool of its secret masters, whether it supports a **Hewitt** or a **Gilroy**, its ultimate purpose is the same. It is a conspiracy to plunder the citizens in the name of government. In its nature it cannot present a good nomination, save when it must deceive its victims in order to secure its power; and the power once gained is used without scruple. It could not act otherwise. The fancy that the vast, complex business of the metropolis can ever be properly conducted under the sway of an association pretending to be political, which has no aim but to control the municipality, and no life but the spoils of office, is absurd. It is not by Tammany, nor through Tammany, nor with Tammany, it is only over Tammany that the way lies to any reform in city government. The appointments of last week will doubtless cost New York heavily. Their evil results can never be exactly measured, but it is likely that, in years to come, life will be cheaper and living dearer, public order less secure, vice and crime more rife, and the community poorer by millions of dollars in consequence of them. Yet if they open the eyes of citizens to the one way of reform, they may still prove worth their cost. There may be some reason to think that the hand which has thus moved Mayor **Gilroy** as its puppet has overleaped its purpose, and that these appointments are the beginning of the end. It was said long ago, "Whom the gods will destroy, they first make mad."



A FASCINATING BOOK.

IT is an old saying that no autobiography honestly written can be dull reading. The *Autobiographical Notes of the Life of William Bell Scott*, edited by Professor **Minto**, which the **Harpers** have just published in two handsome volumes, illustrated with the author's own sketches and etchings, is so far from dull that its interest will for many readers amount to a fascination. The British artist is unlike the prophet in that he is honored in his own country. He is so much honored there, if he be honored at all, that his pictures are all absorbed by his countrymen, and that he may be a very famous man at home, and be scarcely known abroad, except by a name with which no impression is connected. Mr. **Scott** was a successful British artist. For autobiographical purposes he was something even better than that. He was a shrewd and humorous and yet a sympathetic and romantic Scotchman, who during a long life kept his eyes wide open, and knew most men and women that were worth knowing in his own sphere of life. His sphere was not limited to pictorial art, for he made several serious essays in poetry. These have no more crossed the ocean than his paintings, although one American, and that one **Emerson**, wrote of one of his books, "It concerns me very much." But his literature was, at all events, not less important to the interest of his autobiography than his art, since it brought him into contact with people of whom all the world wishes to hear. He knew the men of letters and the artists of London for fifty years, and has much to tell of them.


WILLIAM BELL SCOTT.

There are delightful and novel glimpses of **Carlyle** and **Leigh Hunt** and **Tennyson** and **Ruskin** in these pages, though the autobiographer's familiars were among the painters, or rather among those who, like himself, were poets and painters both. Most conspicuous among these was **Dante Rossetti**—at least he is most conspicuous in the book, which gives by far the best account that has been given of his curious personality. As a painter, **Rossetti**, with his brethren of the P. R. B., has just now an "actuality" in New York by reason of the recent exhibition here of pre-Raphaelite pictures. But the man was more interesting than what he painted, and perhaps than what he wrote, as Mr. **Scott**'s reminiscences make clear. No reader will grudge the space that is given to him, nor, indeed, any of the time that he bestows upon Mr. **Scott**'s portrait-gallery, in which by no means the least interesting figure is the autobiographer himself, whose regard is at once so shrewd and so kindly, who knows so well how to observe and so well how to describe. At the end of these delightful pages the reader is gratified to come upon Mr. **Swinburne**'s admirable and just elegy upon a man who will be better known posthumously to Americans than he was during his lifetime, and who can only gain by being better known.

TO CLUBLESS MEN.

GOOD RESOLUTIONS

FOR the making of resolutions one time of the year is surely as good as another. The human race that dwells in this part of the world, however, has adopted the custom of beginning the new year with virtuous intentions; and who is there among those who are already as good as it is prudent to be who will not agree that even a short effort to be good, or happier, is better than nothing for the majority of their fellow-creatures?

It is to be regretted, perhaps, that the New-Year's resolutions are too often inspired by the gross vices of intemperance in drink or tobacco. The regret is not that the victims of degrading habits determine to struggle for freedom from their bonds, but that the necessity for the struggle seems to be so universal. It is well that the new year should be begun by those who are in need of self-restraint in this direction with a pledge of total abstinence, but while men are overhauling their relations with their fellows, and taking their moral dead-reckoning, they might as well do something more for themselves than resolve to limit their intoxicants and narcotics.

They might resolve to be happier and more rational, to find more congenial comradeship during the remainder of their journey through life. There are vast numbers of men, for instance, who are wandering in the darkness outside of clubdom. To be sure, there are clubless men who are measurably content and happy, to whom slippers and the domestic hearth, and the society of a few congenial friends, are completely satisfying. To such men a club is not a necessity; it is, or would be, an expensive luxury. But there are thousands of others who are hungering and thirsting for a larger experience, who would be broad and generous where they are narrow and self-centred if they only recognized the value of free and intimate comradeship with men of their own kind.

It is unnecessary to say a word in defence of clubs. Their great prosperity is their sufficient *raison d'être*. They exist because men need the companionship of men. Without that companionship the race could not possibly attain its highest civilization; so that clubs may be said to promote the true welfare of the race, and to stimulate its progress.

There is nothing more dismal in human existence than the life of a bachelor who "has no place to go to" when his day's work is done. It is true that he may have apartments; his apartments, though they may be rich in comfort and adorned with all that the man needs when he is alone, cannot speak to him, cannot tell him of other contemporary experiences. They grow so hateful to him sometimes that, for an escape, he rushes to a ball or to visit a recently married friend, content to chatter inanities or to have his gloom deepened by witnessing honey-moon endearments; he is ready for anything, even a solitary walk in the streets, to be rid of the depressing solitude of his chambers.

Such a man, who has no club, is simply neglecting a duty that he owes to himself. The stern moralist asks, why not spend his evenings with his books? The answer is that while a man who has his books has always excellent society, he sometimes wants other society; that while it is entrancing to be at the heart of things in old Greece, or the Roman Empire, or the Stone Age, or in the days of good Queen **Anne**, it is exciting to be at the heart of things in our own time. And it is the club man who knows best what is going on, and who touches most closely the rushing human tide of the end of the century. It is the clubless man who lives in an atmosphere of guessing and misinformation. Is it not well to know the men who are making the history of our times? Is it well to know no man intimately except the people with whom one transacts business?

All clubless men who can afford the small expense, and who have no other way of coming in contact with those who do, or with those who are acquainted with those who do, can make no more rational resolution in this new-year's time than to cease their clubless state.

A WORD WITH THE AMERICAN GIRL.

IF the American girl has demonstrated one thing more clearly than another, it is her disposition to do just about as she sees fit. Her ability in this direction may not be absolutely equal to her disposition, but it does not lag far behind. She intends to do what she wishes, and she usually does what she intends. It would be a bolder journal than this one that would attempt to convince her that her affairs could have any wiser guidance than they now enjoy, or that anybody's wishes respecting her general behavior should be preferred to her own. That she is in good hands and well managed is demonstrated by her success, which exceeds in solidity as well as splendor the achievements of the women of any other contemporary people. We would not have her any less dominant over her own concerns or any less a mother to herself than she is. On the contrary, it occurs to us that there is at least one particular wherein her motherly consideration for her dear self is defective, and she fails from an excess of amiability to exact what is properly her due.

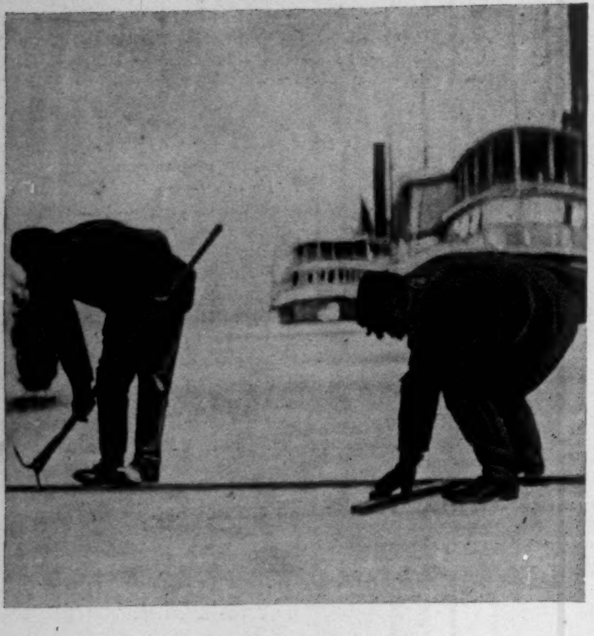
In her journeyings in foreign parts in pursuit of culture, fine raiment, and experience, it constantly happens to her to attract the admiring consideration of gentlemen who have the misfortune not to be her countrymen. Their ill luck in that particular usually appeals to her sympathies, and she smiles such consolation on them as her pity prompts. Of course there is danger in that, and almost too often it happens that in the kindness of her heart she consents to bestow an American citizen upon some poor subject who had not the felicity to be born one himself. With that no effectual fault can be found. If the missionary spirit is so strong in her that she feels constrained to spread Americanism in the court circles of Europe, it is useless, as it would be unworthy, to try to restrain her. If it is her will to go, let us have no vain repinings. Let her depart in peace and with good will, cheered by the knowledge that her children or her grandchildren may come back when their money is gone and earn their living. Just one thing, though, we think she owes both to us and to herself, and that is to stand a little more emphatically upon the order of her going.

It is all very well for you, dear girl, when you have fixed upon your man, to proceed to Paris and sojourn there with your aunt while you buy your clothes. But when you consent to run over to London, meet the fortunate gentleman, and be married at St. George's, in Hanover Square, don't you think you are almost too complaisant? Is it necessary to make it so very, very easy for him? Wouldn't it do him good to "come out to America" and see the country and your father and some of your folks? He could do it for a hundred dollars if he was careful, and you know that at a pinch you could lend him that. The time he can spare, of course, for you don't go abroad to marry working-men.

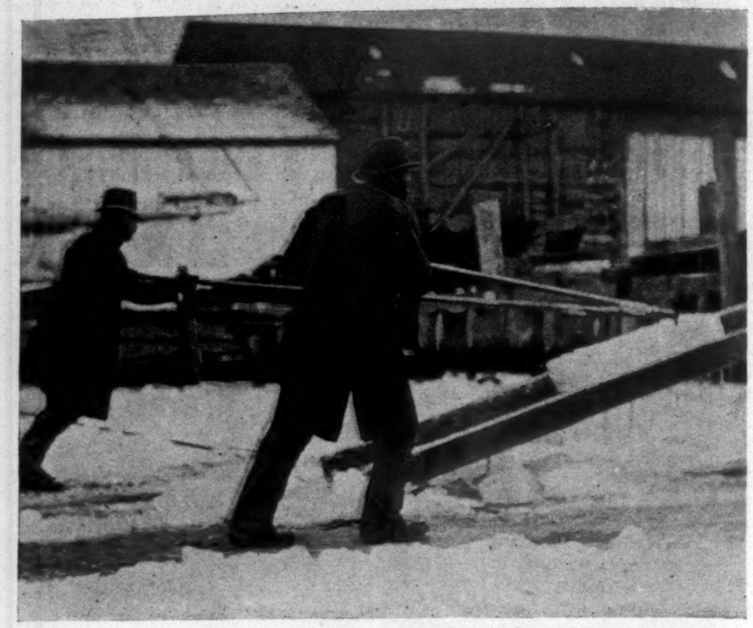
Have him out, dear girl, have him out! We like to look at him; but that's a small matter. The great point is that a wedding at home is your due, and that it belongs to your dignity as a citizen to exact it. When you walk up the aisle at St. George's on the arm of Mr. Secretary **White**, of course that seems homelike, but it isn't the real thing. Even when you get Mr. **Lincoln** himself to give you away, and Mr. **White** takes your mother up, and you persuade Mr. **Henry James** to sign the register as best man, it isn't quite the same as a wedding at home. It will be reported, to be sure, in the *Morning Post*, but what is the *Morning Post* to you? Description of your gown and a full report will be cabled to New York, and we will all read them, but we will blush between the lines.

You should spare us those blushes as you should spare your own. If the man won't come to you, let him slide. When you go to him, you mark yourself down, and in the plainest of too plain figures. If you persist in going on that way, there must be a mistake about you somewhere, and we will not shed a single tear if Congress puts up the bars against immigration, and prevents your straitened grandchildren from coming back.

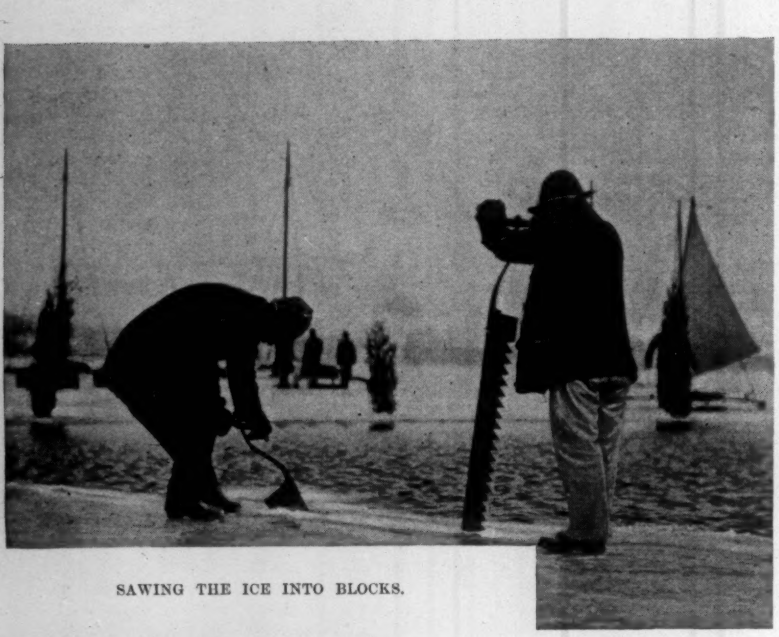
[London papers please copy.]



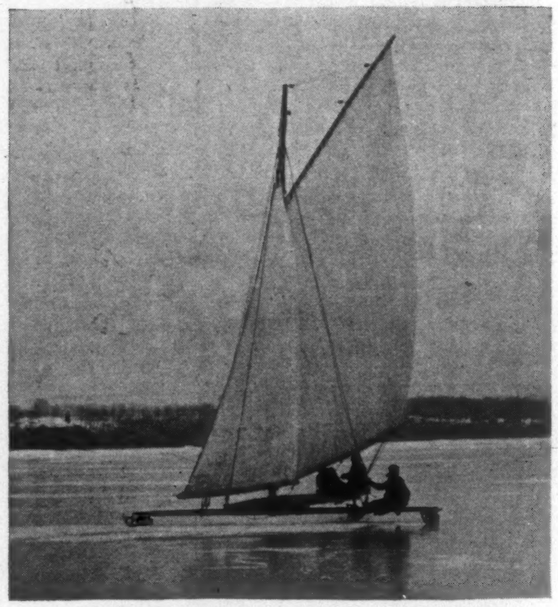
MARKING OUT THE ICE FOR CUTTING.



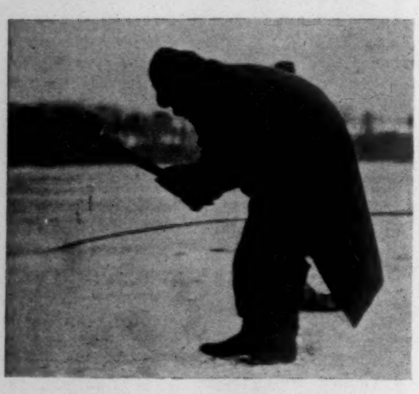
PUSHING ICE TO THE STOREHOUSE.



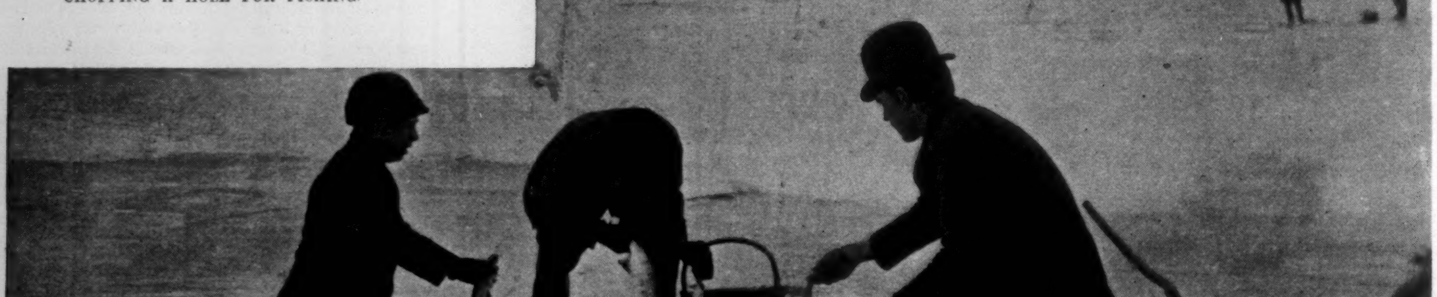
SAWING THE ICE INTO BLOCKS.



AN ICE-YACHT AT FULL SPEED.

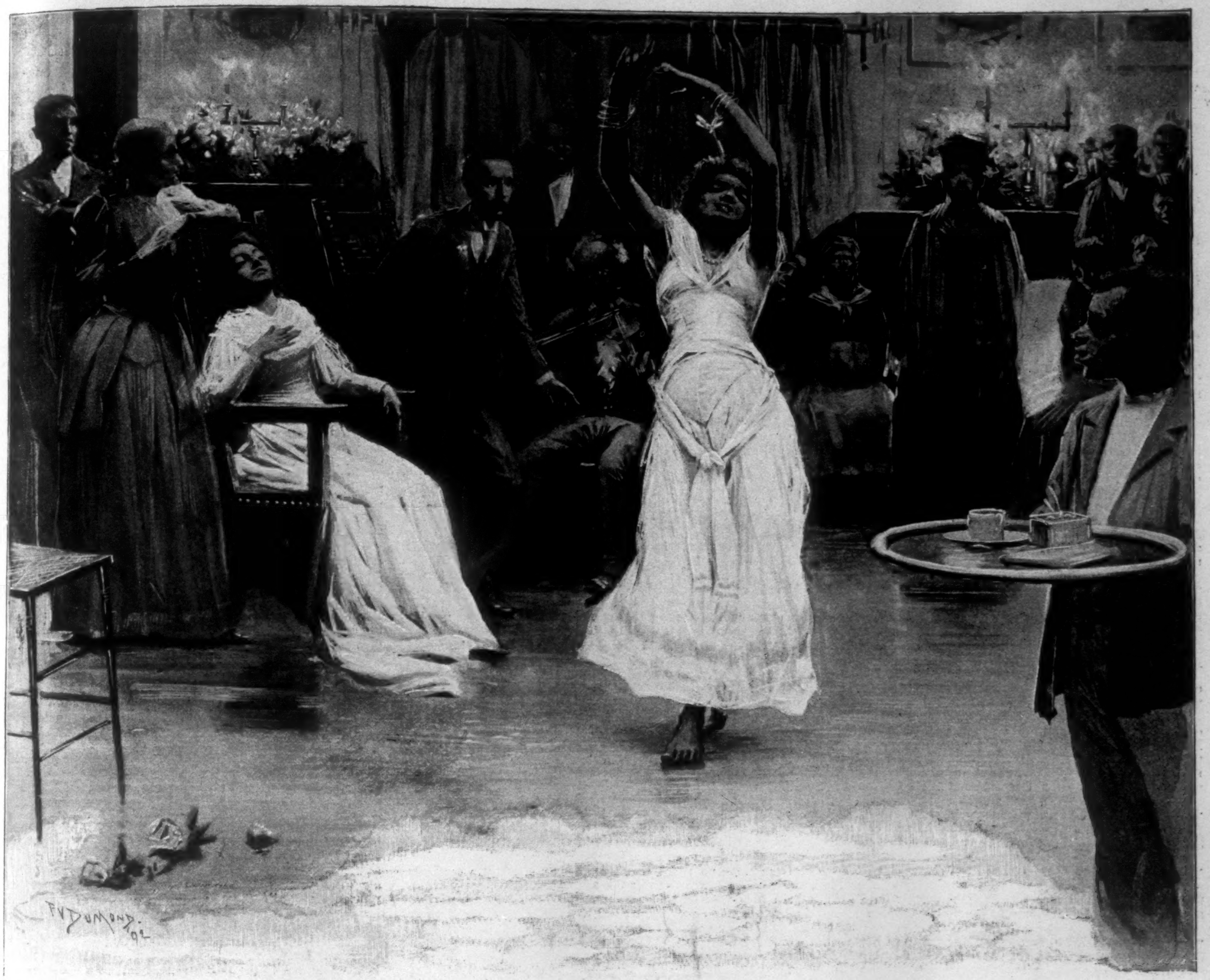


CHOPPING A HOLE FOR FISHING.



TAKING FISH OUT OF NET.

SCENES ON THE SHREWSBURY RIVER DURING THE COLD SPELL.—From Photographs by J. C. Hemment.



A BAMBOULA.

BY M. E. M. DAVIS.

I.

FRANCIS UNDERWOOD glanced about him as the train whizzed away, leaving him the sole occupant of the narrow platform upon which he had alighted. His smaller luggage lay at his feet, but his travelling-trunk was nowhere in sight. The few idlers—a couple of sallow-faced, shock-headed crackers and a squad of noisy negro lads—who had collected about the little way-station while the train made its momentary halt had disappeared. He walked to the end of the platform, where a dozen or more turpentine barrels stood on end, their contents oozing from the rifts in their sun-warped sides, and cast his eyes over the green flat, which was bounded in every direction by low, red, pine-clad hills. The dim haze of an early autumn afternoon hung in the pine-tops; a thin spiral of smoke arose from the chimney of the single cabin within range of vision; a rickety buggy, over whose sagging top fluttered the loose end of a woman's veil, was just turning the distant bend of a road. There were no other visible signs of life. The perplexed traveller strode back to the dingy waiting-room and looked in. The tripping click of the telegraph in the cubby beyond and a familiar opening in the thin board partition indicated the occasional presence at least of operator and agent. But the individual who combined these two functions was in momentary eclipse.

Underwood thrust his hands into his pockets and meditated, frowning impatiently.

"De telegraph is boun' fer ter clickety-click, sah," said a voice over his shoulder; "she jes keep on er-talkin' ter herse'f in yander same ez ef de boss was 'longside her ter write her down."

The young man turned quickly and found himself face to face with a negro, who held a carriage whip in one hand, and in the other his own bag, top-coat, and umbrella.

"Scuse me, sah," the speaker continued, removing his hat. "I reckin you mus' be Mist' Onderwood?"

Underwood nodded assent.

"Dey's lookin' fer you at Pine Needles, Mist' Onderwood. Step dis way, sah. Yo' trunk is gone on in de cyart. But I ain' been able ter fetch up de cay'age ontwel de ingine stop her fool screechin', 'caze my hosses is kinder res'less."

He led the way as he spoke to a light trap, which had been driven up noiselessly, and was waiting near the steps of the low platform.

Underwood settled himself comfortably on the cushioned seat, and turned a gaze of wondering admiration on his conductor, who stood with a hand on the glossy flank of one of the horses, respectfully awaiting orders. He was himself of unusual height, slenderly proportioned, but with an athletic frame and well-knit muscles, which contradicted a rather boyish face, laughing blue eyes, and a sensitive mouth, whose weakness was not wholly concealed by a light drooping mustache. But he seemed suddenly dwarfed. The negro towered like a giant above the tall mulatto who held the bridles of the horses. His large head, crowned with a bush of crisp wiry curls, was set squarely upon shoulders of enormous breadth. Underwood examined almost with awe the broad chest and massive limbs; the latter were straight and well formed; the powerful wrist, indeed, and the hand, with its long fingers, perfect nails, and outward-curving palm, might have served for a sculptor's model. He was jet-black. His square-jawed face was beardless. His long brown eyes had the melancholy softness characteristic of his race, the lips were thick, and the cheek-bones prominent, but the nose was straight and shapely, giving a curious and unexpected dignity to an otherwise typical negro physiognomy. He spoke the uncouth patois of the quarters, but his bearing was that of one who held a position of trust and confidence.

He was clad in a sort of homely livery of dark blue flannel—a blouse, whose open collar exposed his full throat, and loose trousers held in at the waist by a broad leather belt.

Underwood waved his hand as he concluded his brief, half-unconscious inspection, and the black colossus took a seat beside him, the mulatto stepped aside, and the handsome bays sprang forward at the loosening of the reins. The road wound gradually up long sloping hills, dipping now and then into a moist hollow, where the sturdy underbrush and the junglelike growth of trees were aflame under the first light touches of the frost. A few belated spikes of golden-rod nodded by the road-side, and an occasional cluster of dim purple asters shone against the background of a fallen pine; but the Indian-pipe—precursor of winter—was already thrusting its waxen crook through the dark mould on the sheltered slopes. The hill-sides were brown with pine needles. The sky, in the waning sunlight, was a fine soft purple; the plumy tops of the lofty pines seemed to melt into it far overhead; the warm air was charged with aromatic odors. Underwood bared his head, and expanded his lungs with an idle sense of well-being. His eyes followed dreamily the flight of a hawk across the sky. A faint smile curved his lips.

"Dar's a Molly Cotton-Tail!" suddenly exclaimed the negro. A rabbit sped across the road a few paces in front of the horses and scurried up a ridge, her gray ears laid back, and her white bit of a tail in the air. "Dat's bad luck, Mist' Onderwood!"

Underwood recalled a half-forgotten superstition. "Not for me," he said, gayly. "I carry a rabbit foot in my pocket! What is your name—boy?" he continued, stumbling over the last word, quizzically conscious of its inappropriateness.

"Marcas, sah," returned the "boy," promptly. "Dey calls me Bluegum Marc," he added, with a side glance at the questioner; and a suppressed chuckle.

"Blue-gum Marc?" echoed Underwood, interrogatively.

The giant opened his mouth, drawing back his thick lips, and pointed significantly to a double row of glistening white teeth, set in gums of a dark leaden blue. "Dat's de reason, sah," he said, lightly. "I's a blue-gum nigger. An' dey 'lows ef I git mad at anybody, an' bite de pusson, dat bite gwine ter be wusser 'n rattlesnake pizen! Der ain' no whiskey in de jug dat kin heal up de bite of a blue-gum nigger!"

He threw back his head and laughed with a keen enjoyment of his own words.

"Have you ever tried it?" asked Underwood, carelessly.

"Who? Me? Gawd-a-mighty!—*no, sah!*" A sudden spasm of terror swept over the ebon face. "No, sah," he repeated, relapsing into decorous mirth. "I 'ain' never had no call ter bite anybody yit."

The horses shied violently as he concluded.

"What in de name o' Gawd is de matter wid you, Dandy? Whoa, Jim!" he ejaculated, tightening his grasp on the reins, and peering to right and left with a frown on his forehead. Underwood saw the frown melt suddenly, and a light leap into the dark eyes. He followed the direction of his gaze; his own heart beat tumultuously, and the blood surged into his cheeks.

The glade through which they were passing was filled with the uncertain shadows of a fast-gathering twilight, though the slanting beams of the sun still illuminated the crest of the hills. A little stream, whose rippling murmur filled the silence, ran obliquely across the road and widened into a broad pool in the thicket beyond. The half-dried reeds on the margin, and the overhanging trees with their festooning vines, were mirrored in the clear brown depths of this waveless tarn. A woman was standing on the further side, her tall, lithe figure outlined by the pale glimmer of her gown. One hand, which held a cluster of vivid red leaves, hung at her side; the other was arched above her brows as she leaned forward in a listening attitude. As they whirled past, Underwood caught the gleam of a bare tawny wrist and the glow of a pair of large lustrous eyes.

"Who was that?" he demanded, abruptly.

"S'lome," responded his companion, with affected indifference. "She Miss Cecil's own maid," he added, after a pause.

"I thought at first that it was Miss Cecil herself," said Underwood, glancing back over his shoulder.

"S'lome do look lak—" the negro checked himself and averted his face, flecking Dandy's arched neck with the whip-tassel.

Something in his tone struck the young man at his side; he drew the lap-robe closer about his knees, for the air was growing chill, and remained silent until Marcas sprang to the ground to open the boundary gate of Pine Needles, Miss Cecil Berkeley's fine old country place.

"How old are you, Marc?" he asked, struck anew by the negro's noble physical proportions.

"Twenty-five, come Christmas, sah. Bawn jes inside o' freedom. Hit's mighty liftin' ter be bawn free, an' ter be raise' up free, Mist' Onderwood," he went on, resuming his seat and taking the reins from Underwood's hands. "But my ole daddy 'ain' had no call ter complain whilse *he* was a slave."

"Where—" began Underwood.

"My daddy was a Affican prince—" the fine nostrils dilated and the broad chest heaved. "Colonel Berkeley bought him out'n a slave-pen in Charl's'n, wher he was dyin' lak a dog, an' fotch him home. An' fum dat day twel de day he died he had the treatments of a genterman at Pine Needles. Dere wa'n't a drap o' blood in his body dat he wouldn't ha' spill' fer de Berkeleys! An' dat huccome I 'ain' never lef' Miss Cecil, Mist' Onderwood. 'Caze dat ole Affican prince is layin' out yander in de fam'ly buryin'-groun' 'longside o' ole marster an' ole mis'; an' who gwine ter tek keer o' Miss Cecil ef I go?"

Underwood, moved by the simplicity and earnestness of the speaker, laid his hand on the brawny arm next to him, and opened his lips to speak. But Marcas shrank from the light touch. Underwood felt the firm flesh quiver beneath his fingers. "He knows that I have come to carry away his young mistress, and he is jealous," he thought, smiling with pardonable exultation.

His eyes roved curiously over the broad park. The kind of table-land, from which the pine hills sloped away to the west and north, was covered with noble woodland trees, through whose trunks, in passing, he caught glimpses of orchards, vineyards, and fields. It was his first visit to Pine Needles, and he looked out eagerly for the house. A last turn of the smooth road brought it in view — a large rambling country-house, embowered in greenery, with wide galleries, slanting roof, and square, red-brick chimneys.

"Yander's Miss Cecil, er-waitin'!" said Marcas, pointing with his whip. Underwood barely had time to catch the flutter of light garments through the foliage before the horses were drawn up beneath the veranda where she stood.

She came down the steps with outstretched hands. "Welcome to Pine Needles, Francis," she said, with a sort of shy pride. "This is my cousin, Mrs. Garland," she added, presenting the small, alert-looking personage who filled the agreeable office of companion to the young heiress.

Cecil Berkeley offered a pleasing contrast to the man upon whom she was about to bestow the ownership of herself and the Berkeley estates. She was tall and slender, with hair and brows of an almost startling blackness, and dark eyes in which a smouldering fire seemed to dwell; her high-bred oval face was singularly delicate in its outlines. There was a pliant softness in her movements, and a hint of strength in her firm white chin and perfect mouth. She flushed as her lover's ardent eyes met hers in the fading light.

"Welcome to Pine Needles!" she cried again, springing lightly up the steps.

Underwood had not finished relating the commonplace details of his southward journey when the soft fall of unshod feet sounded on the polished floor; a shadowy form glided across the dim lit room in which they were seated, and bent over Miss Berkeley's chair. He felt, rather than saw, that it was the woman whom he had seen an hour before standing on the edge of the dark pool in the hollow.

"Thank you, S'lome," said her mistress, in a tone of affectionate familiarity, taking the leaves, whose color was lost in the semi-darkness. The quadroon bent her shapely head, and passed from the room as silently as she had entered it.

That night they sat late before a blazing pine-knot fire in the snug library. The hands of the slow-ticking old clock on the mantel pointed almost to midnight when the guest arose to bid his hostess good-night. As he opened the door a strain of music fell upon his ears, accompanied with a burst of noisy laughter.

Cecil smiled in reply to his questioning look. "Uncle Darius is fiddling on the kitchen gallery," she said, "and the negroes are doubtless dancing there, late as it is. Come, let us take a peep at them."

She led the way down the wide hall, and out upon a small vine-hung porch in the rear of the dining-room. The night was clear and still. The grassy yard and the garden beyond were bathed in the tranquil light of a full moon. But an enormous fig-tree, whose branches brushed the low eaves, swathed the long kitchen gallery in dense shadow, save where, from an open door, a broad glare of red light streamed across it. Uncle Darius, lean and brown, sat just within the doorway, fiddling with all his might, his chair tilted against the wall, his gray head thrown back, his big bare foot keeping time on the floor. Aunt Peggy, the old black cook, dozed on a stool beside him. A confused mass of dark forms were dimly visible in the shadow, lying about the floor, lounging on the low steps, squatting against the wall. Here and there a dusky face, a bare foot, an out-thrust arm, gleamed strangely in the muddy light. Lindy, big-limbed and black, and Mushmelon Joe, small, wizened, and wiry, sank on their heels against the door-posts, breathless and exhausted after a prolonged break-down, as the invisible spectators drew aside the leafy curtain and looked out.

"I ain' gwine ter play nary 'nother tune ter-night," declared Uncle Darius, bringing his chair-legs down with a thump. "De chickens is fair crowin' fer day now." But as a tall figure stepped noiselessly from the darkness into the shaft of light, he tucked his fiddle under his chin again with a whoop. "Now you gwine ter see *dancin'!*" he shouted, flourishing his bow. "Blue-gum Marc gwine ter teach de niggers how ter raek down de cotton row!"

Marc swayed his huge body from side to side rhythmically, then paused. "Ain' you gwine ter raek down de cotton-row 'long o' me, S'lome?" he demanded, turning his face toward a group of women at the further end of the gallery.

"No," drawled a low musical voice there.

"Den you can ontie de fiddle-strings, Unc' Darius," said Marc, joining good-naturedly in the loud laugh at his own expense.

Underwood bent forward, straining his eyes in the darkness. But Aunt Peggy had already shut the kitchen door, and a moment later they all trooped away, singing, to the negro settlement in the pines, which had replaced the old-time quarters.

II.

One morning about ten days later Miss Berkeley came out of the house alone, and walked slowly across the lawn. Her step was listless; her eyes were downcast; her cheek had lost its brilliant color. She seated herself on a rustic bench under a low-branched oak and opened the book which she held in her hand. But her gaze wandered absently from the printed page. It fell at length upon Marcas, who was moving to and fro among the flower beds whistling joyously. He carried a small garden hoe, and the splint basket on his arm was heaped with tufts of violets. His face brightened as his eyes caught those of his young mistress. He took off his hat and came over to where she was sitting.

"Hits edzackly de weather ter transplan', Miss Cecil," he said; "de groun' is dat meller an' sof'—"

"Marcas," she interrupted, imperiously, leaning her head against the dark tree-trunk, and looking fixedly at him, "is it true that you carry poison in your teeth like a rattle-snake?"

"Lawd-a-mussy, Miss Cecil!" he cried, falling back a step or two in his amazement. "I dunno. Yes, 'm. I 'ain' never projecked none wi' dat foolishness. But my ole daddy useter *say* so, an' I reckin a Affican prince oughter *know!*"

Her eyes dropped on her book, and he returned with a bewildered air to his work. She watched him abstractedly as he placed the moist roots one by one deftly in the ground, and patted the loose earth about them with a large open palm.

"The dwarf-marigolds are nearly all gone," she remarked, after a long silence.

"Yes, 'm," assented Marc, glancing at a triangular plot in the centre of the lawn where a few small yellow flowers shone on their low stalks.

"S'lome has been gathering them—" she went on, musingly, and as if speaking to herself.

"S'lome do hone a'ter yaller, dat's a fac'!" he commented, with a pleased laugh.

"—for Mr. Underwood," she concluded, in a monotonous tone.

The negro rose slowly to his feet. A sombre fire shot into his eyes. He stood for a moment silently looking down at her. Then he dropped again to his knees, and drew the basket to him.

She went away presently, leaving the book, which had slipped from her lap, lying face downward in the yellowing grass.

He watched her furtively until she entered the house. Then, without a glance at the overturned basket and neglected tools, he passed across the grounds, leaped the low fence, and plunged into the silent reaches of the pines.

That night when the mistress of Pine Needles came down from her own room, whither, under pretext of a headache, she had withdrawn after the mid-afternoon country dinner, she found the house wearing an unwonted air of festivity.

"Ah, there you are at last, Cecil dear!" cried Mrs. Garland, bustling into the hall to meet her. "Everything is waiting for you. I've arranged what Uncle Darius calls a *speckle-tickle* for your Mr. Underwood," she added, dropping her voice.

She drew the girl into the long parlor, whose polished floor reflected the clustered lights in the old-fashioned crystal chandeliers. Wax tapers burned softly in the tall silver candelabra on the mantel; roses were stuffed in the wide-mouthed vases; the furniture was pushed against the wall; a couple of quaint high-backed chairs were placed side by side in the broad curve of the bow-window.

"You and Francis are to sit here, like the king and queen in a play," said Mrs. Garland, gayly. "Don't lift an eyebrow, Cecil, pray, if you recognize the contents of your own armoires and jewel-cases."

Cecil sank into the chair with a wan smile. She looked frail and almost ghostlike in her trailing white gown. Underwood, who seemed possessed by a sort of reckless gayety, seated himself beside her. He wore pinned upon the lapel of his coat a small yellow flower.

There was a moment of almost painful silence. Then Mrs. Garland, leaning on the back of her cousin's chair, touched a small silver bell. The heavy portière which draped the entrance to the library was pushed aside, and Uncle Darius, arrayed in an antiquated blue coat with brass buttons, light trousers, and ruffled shirt front, entered pompously, fiddle in hand, and seated himself on the edge of a chair. Mushmelon Joe, Scip, 'Riah, Sara-Wetumpka—a motley gang of field hands and house servants—swarmed in after him. They ranged themselves, grinning and nudging each other, about him, and began to pat a subdued accompaniment to his music. At a scarcely perceptible signal from the fiddler, Lindy bounced into the room. A scarlet sash was wound turbanwise about her kinky head, and an Oriental shawl draped her blue cotton skirt. The black arms and neck were encircled with strings of many-colored beads. She looked preternaturally solemn as she dropped her arms and began the heavy "hoe-down" for which she was famous in the settlement; but a broad grin presently stole over her face; her glistening eyeballs rolled from side to side; the perspiration streamed from her forehead.

"Wire down de crack, nigger, wire down de crack!" exhorted Uncle Darius. "Pick up dem battlin'-sticks you calls yo' feet, gal, an' tromp in de flo'!"

"She sho is made de flat o' her foot *talk* ter de fiddle!" remarked Mushmelon Joe as she executed a last breathless whirl, and retired giggling into the admiring circle of clappers.

The clear tinkle of the little bell echoed on the air. Blue-gum Marc appeared suddenly in a doorway that gave upon a side gallery, and folding his arms on his breast, leaned his great bulk against the frame. At the same moment S'lome stepped from behind the portière.

An involuntary exclamation burst from Underwood. Cecil closed her eyes, dazzled by the wild and barbaric beauty of the tawny creature before her.

She wore a short close-clinging skirt and sleeveless bodice of pale shimmering yellow satin; a scarf of silver gauze girdled her slender waist, and was knotted below her swelling hips. Her slim brown ankles and shapely feet were bare. Bands and coils of gold wreathed her naked arms; a jewelled chain clasped her throat; a glittering butterfly, with quivering outspread wings, was set in the crinkly mass of black hair above her forehead. Her eyelids were downcast, their long fringes sweeping her bronzelike cheeks. A curious light, defiant and disdainful, played over her face as she stood motionless, with her arms hanging loosely at her sides, while Uncle Darius played the first bars of the *bamboula* which had been brought by Marcas's father from the heart of Africa.

The music was low and monotonous—a few constantly recurring notes, which at first vexed the ear, and then set the blood on fire.

The girl hardly appeared to move; there was a languid swaying of the hips from side to side, and an almost imperceptible yet rhythmic stir of the feet. But as the music gradually quickened its time, a thrill seemed to pass along her sinuous limbs, and a subtle passion pervaded her movements; her arms were tossed voluptuously above her head; her breast heaved; a seductive fire burned in her half-closed amber eyes; the sound of her light feet on the floor resembled the whir of wings.

The negroes huddled mute and breathless against the wall gazed at her with wide, fascinated eyes. Suddenly, as if moved by some mysterious and irresistible impulse, they rushed forward and closed in a circle around the flashing figure, whirling about her with strange evolutions and savage cries.

.... A powerful, penetrating odor thickened the air....

Underwood had started from his seat; he stood as if transfixed, breathing heavily, his arms unconsciously extended, his eyes aflame, and the veins in his forehead swollen almost to bursting. Marcas, curiously impassive in the doorway, kept his gaze fixed steadily, not upon the dancer, but upon his young mistress, who leaned back in her chair, faint and dizzy, the rose-tint on her cheek fading to a deathlike pallor.

The movement of the bamboula became by degrees less rapid; the panting circle opened and fell back. S'lome paused, and stretched her arms slowly upward with the supple grace of a young panther. She looked full at Underwood, and her lips parted in an exultant smile.

The blood surged into Miss Berkeley's white cheeks; she lifted her head haughtily; her nostrils quivered; her eyes met those of Marcas for an instant, then rested, flashing, upon S'lome, decked for triumph, as it were, in her own hereditary jewels.

With a roar like that of a wild beast, Marcas leaped across the room. His hand fell with a viselike grasp upon the gleaming shoulder of the quadroon; he stooped with a second ferocious cry, and buried his teeth deep in the smooth flesh of the rounded arm. A single agonizing shriek pierced the sudden stillness; before it had ended he had caught the slight form in one hand, and bearing her high above his head he bounded through the open door, and disappeared in the darkness.

Underwood, heedless of the terrified confusion and wild clamor which reigned around, was springing after him, when he felt a hand upon his arm. "For heaven's sake come and help me, Francis," said Mrs. Garland, "Cecil has fainted."

III.

The next afternoon Miss Berkeley passed through a small gate into the pine woods which stretched away to the south, forming a part of her own domain. She walked slowly along the well-worn path, halting now and again with an air of indecision. Once she stooped mechanically and plucked a yellow daisy which grew in a drift of warm brown pine needles, but cast it from her with a gesture of loathing. Her black garments gave her an appearance of uncommon height. Her face was livid, her lips compressed, her dark eyes dull and suffering. She turned at length into the narrow lane which led to the negro settlement. As she drew near the outermost cabin she saw Underwood standing in the shadow of a scrubby pine that overhung the picket-fence. Aunt Peggy, the mistress of the cabin, was leaning over the low gate; her arms were uplifted as if in entreaty or adjuration.

He started at sight of the approaching figure, and walked rapidly forward. He had a white flower in his hand. His face was turned away, and for a moment it seemed as if he were about to pass his betrothed without a greeting. But as she stepped aside he paused, and said, abruptly:

"I am going away, Cecil. I—I think it is best." His eyes were fixed upon the althea blossom which he was twirling awkwardly in his fingers.

"You are quite right," she returned, coldly; "it is best."

She left him without another word. He lingered a moment, gazing irresolutely after her, then struck into the beaten road that led to the railway station.

Aunt Peggy had come out of the gate. "Miss Cecil, honey," she said, hoarsely, "dis ain' no place fer de likes o' you! Go back ter de house, chile—go back!" she entreated. "Mist' Onderwood yander he's been here, off an' on, 'mos' all day. But I ain' dassen ter lef him go inter de cabin. I ax him fer Gawd's sake ef he ain' mek enough trebble a'ready 'd'out showin' hisself wher' Blue-gum Marc kin see him. He say he wan' ter see *S'lome!* My Gawd! I gin him a althy flower fum offin de corpse, an' saunt him erway. Doan go in de cabin, Miss Cecil!" she panted, following her mistress into the little door-yard, and laying hold of the folds of her gown. "Blue-gum Marc is in de cabin. He ain' never lef' de gal sence he pizen' her. Nobody dassen ter go er-nigh him 'cep'n' me, an' he ain' lef *me* tech her, not even ter put on de grave-close. He say he gwine ter kill de pusson dat steps inside dat cabin do'. De mo'ners is 'bleedge' ter mo'n in Lindy's cabin yander. Fer Gawd's sake, Miss Cecil—fer Gawd's—"

Cecil put the old woman gently aside and pushed open the cabin door. The little room had been hastily put in order. The large four-posted bed was spread with white; the bare floor was swept clean; the pine table, piled with blue-rimmed dishes, was placed in the chimney-corner. Uncle Darius's fiddle hung in its accustomed place on the wall, with his Sunday coat on a nail beneath it. The level rays of a setting sun came in at the single window; a light breeze moved the white curtains to and fro.

The dead girl was lying in the centre of the room on a rude bier, her head resting on a pillow. She was still clad in the fantastic costume in which she had danced the night before; the gold bands and jewelled ornaments sparkled in the red light which streamed over her. Her eyes were closed; their silken lashes made a black line against the dusky pallor of her cheeks. Her lips were slightly parted, and an inscrutable smile seemed to hover about their corners. One arm was laid across her breast, a fold of silver gauze drawn over the purpling wound just below the shoulder; the other hung to the floor, the closed hand grasping the filigree chain which she had torn in the death-agony from her neck. A few white altheas were scattered on her bosom, and some sprigs of lavender and rue were lying on the rough boards about her bare feet and ankles. A short, large-handled, keen-bladed knife was laid across the pillow above her head. She looked like a savage queen asleep on her primitive couch.

Marcas sat by the head of the bier. His body was erect and rigid; his powerful hands rested on his knees; his feet were drawn close together; his head was turned toward the dead girl, showing his curiously fine profile. It was the attitude and pose of the Pharaoh of the Egyptian monuments.

He did not move as Cecil entered the room. She stood for a second as motionless as the dead and the watcher of the dead, with her hands clasped before her, the fingers interlocked. Then she stumbled across the floor, and halted at the foot of the bier.

The buzzing of some bees about the pots of flowering moss on the window-sill filled the silence with a low droning sound. The wail of the mourners in Lindy's cabin came in fitfully, softened by the distance.

"Miss Cecil," he said, presently, without turning his head or lifting his heavy eyelids, "I jes' waited fer de tu'n o' yo' eye, 'caze I didn' know which you was gwine ter p'int out fust—S'lome or *him*. De knife is fer *him*, soon ez de gal is ondergroun'."

Cecil shuddered and put out her hands.

"Doan fret, Miss Cecil," he went on, in the same sombre tone. "No stranger ain' gwine ter turn de rosy cheek o' Colonel Berkeley's chile white ez cotton—*an' live!* Not whilse de blood o' de ole Affican prince is hot in de vein o' his son!" His voice shook with sudden rage as he concluded; his breast rose and fell spasmodically. When he spoke again, it was almost in a whisper, strangely soft and musical: "S'lome! *S'lome!* I doan 'member de time, Miss Cecil, when I 'ain' been lovin' S'lome! Fum de day when she wa'n't ez high ez de pretty-by-nights in Aun' Peggy's do'-yard I is had my heart sot on her....She was swif' ez a fiel'-lark, Miss Cecil, an' her eyes is ez sof' ez de eyes of a dove when she look at me an' say she ain' gwine ter love nobody 'cep'n' me ez long ez she is 'bove de groun'....She is de onlies' one in de settlemint dat ain' 'feard o' de pizen in de gum o' Blue-gum Marc....dat's de fam'ly blood in her ...de Berkeley blood—"

Cecil Berkeley threw up her arms convulsively and sank to her knees; her forehead pressed the feet of the dead girl, and she shivered as if the chill of death had passed from them into her own benumbed veins.

AN EARLY ROMANCE.

It was the afternoon of a perfect June day. Four of us—Hemmingway, Mac, the Doctor, and myself—had been out since early morning in the woods along the river-bank, fishing a little, eating a great deal, drinking claret punch in reasonable quantities, and filling in the interludes with friendly sarcasms and an innocuous sort of penny-ante, the former of which, if they were not genuinely witty, were at least sufficient to induce plenty of good-natured laughter, as such jokes at such times will.

By-and-by, when it grew later, the Doctor and myself who are not fond of the coarser details of camp-life, made an excuse of getting things together, and went over and sat down on the edge of the bluff to look at the west, where the red-faced old sun, drunk with wine from his own vintage, was preparing to go to bed with his Sunday clothes on. Hemmingway and Mac, meanwhile, put in the team and made ready to start. After a little we heard them calling us.

"Doc and the Professor think they are guests," said Mac to Hemmingway, in a loudly confidential tone as we drew nearer.

(Let it be explained here that I am not a professor. A slight brevity of vision, which has induced me to put on glasses in the heyday of life, being my sole pretence to that dignity.)

Hemmingway replied to Mac's remark by observing that he "guessed as much"—this brief dialogue being a fair sample of the harmless variety of wit indulged in by these gentlemen. Neither the Doctor nor myself saw fit to notice the thrust, and we were soon on the way.

The Doctor drove. He said he would take us home by a new and better road. It proved to be about the worst road we had ever seen. Hemmingway said the farmers had been improving it. Mac answered, as he dodged from side so side to avoid a sudden and violent death, that one more such a mending would render it impassable. By-and-by we reached a bit of unimproved road, and rolled along smoothly. We were inclined to be a trifle hilarious at first as we bowled along through the balmy evening. The wheat was just ripe, and in some places they were cutting, the red and blue shirts of the harvesters combining pleasantly with the straw gold of the fields. Green woods ran around most of these fields, and here and there a farm-house stood in the edge of the timber, with the yellow grain crowding up close to its gates. The meadows everywhere were green, with little shadow waves running over them, and larks and quails calling to each other from their nests.

It had been a late spring, and the young corn was not very large, but it was dark and fresh-looking, and its straight rows, that one could sight through in at least eight different directions, added something to the harmony of our landscape.

Gradually the riotous spirit within us moderated, until all four were silent at one time. I was beginning to feel a trifle sad in the thought that in a hundred years more, perhaps, other parties of four might be driving home through the cool evening, complaining of the roads and breathing in the sweet incense of life, just as we were doing, while we should have become but a handful of forgotten dust, when all at once Hemmingway began to sing. Hemmingway really has a very good voice, and the song was a sweet old air which we all knew. So the Doctor and I joined in and spoiled it. Then there was another interval of silence, which Mac was first to break. Mac is thirty and married. He also writes good verses sometimes—verses that most editors are more willing to publish than to pay for.

"That song," he said, reflectively, "revives a very tender recollection—the tenderest recollection of my life," he added, with considerable feeling.

"Tell us about it, Mac; tell us your story," we chorused, and leaned back comfortably to listen.

"There isn't much to tell," said Mac, slowly, and speaking as one who drifts back among day-dreams of forgotten summers. "I was a boy when it began—about sixteen, I think. There was a lady and her daughter who came to our house on a visit. The daughter was about fourteen, but well developed, and to me one of the most beautiful creatures on earth. I fell madly in love with her at once—a boy's love is purer and better in every way than it ever is afterwards. I lost whole nights of sleep, and would have walked miles over bad roads, worse than any Doc has dragged us over to-day, to have kissed the hem of her garment."

At this point in the narrative Hemmingway, who is a confirmed bachelor, at first looked somewhat sceptical, but becoming suddenly enthusiastic, cried, warmly

"Good for you, Mac. Go on, old man."

The Doctor was visibly affected. For myself, I looked hard at the sunset and listened.

"I was large of my age," proceeded Mac, "but awkward and wobbly, like a day-old colt. She patronized me, and when I attempted to become sentimental, snubbed and guyed me unmercifully. But sometimes in the evening she would sing that song that Hemmingway was singing just now She had a fresh, sweet voice, and I had picked up some chords on the guitar, so we made music together, and the moments were to me like tastes of paradise. When she went away at last with her mother I was inconsolable. I got used to it by-and-by, but I never forgot her I did not meet her again for years."

"And did the old flame revive, Mac, when you met again? Did you renew the romance of your youth?"

"Yes, entirely She was still unmarried, and more beautiful, I thought, and more fascinating than ever I loved her as tenderly as before; not only that, but my passion was now returned. She snubbed me no longer I was in heaven. For a month we lived in a halo of perfect bliss. We sang over the old songs, and relived our youth in the glory of ripened love."

Just at that moment I happened to catch Hemmingway's eye, and there was a look there that made me wonder if he had had his romance too. He did not offer any comment, however, and we sat waiting silently for Mac's conclusion.

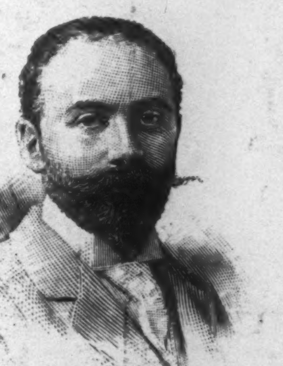
"Well, of course it could not last," he continued, after an impressive pause; "it could not last—it never does, you know, except in the books."

"Why, Mac? Why couldn't it last?" I was unable to restrain myself any longer. "Why didn't you marry her at once, then and there?"

And Mac, looking out over the fields to the fading west, in a quiet, half-tender, half quizzical voice, answered, "I did."

Albert Bigelow Paine.

PERSONAL.



It only seems a short time ago that illustrations by Mr. Albert E. Sterner first began appearing in the publications of Messrs. Harper & Brothers, and he must still be considered as a man with plenty of time ahead of him, and of whom all things are possible. Undoubtedly the one quality in his work which has made him more friends than any other is the charming sense of what the French call *intimité*—that ability on the part of the artist to come into the room and find us with our friends as we really are. Perhaps it may be considered a far cry from "Le Célibataire," the painting which received a mention honorable in the Salon of 1891, to the really remarkable illustrations to *Prue and I*. just published by Messrs. Harper & Brothers. But a look below the surface shows us the same sympathetic personality, glad when we are glad, sad when we are sad. This is the dominant note in *Prue and I*. To have so thoroughly enjoyed, and to have been able to depict so well with all the evidences of this enjoyment, the gentle, kindly sentiment which animated the author, was hardly to have been expected from so young a man. Word comes from Paris that Mr. Sterner has recently opened an atelier at 141 Boulevard St. Michel, where instruction is being given in illustration. The necessity for some such practical turn to their study was expressed by some of the students, and a number of them are now enthusiastically working away, under Mr Sterner's guidance, toward the end of finding out how interesting art can make life.

—The Emperor of China has, by imperial rescript, raised the ancestors for three generations of Sir Halliday Macartney, K.C.M.G., the Secretary to the Chinese Legation in London, to the highest rank in the Chinese mandarinate. This is in accordance with the curious usage of conferring ranks of nobility on ancestors rather than descendants. It is believed that the only other European on whom this strange honor has been bestowed is Sir Robert Hart, the Inspector-General of Chinese Maritime Customs, whose ancestors were similarly ennobled two years ago.

—Just before "Chinese" Gordon started on his fatal mission to the Soudan he was interviewed by Mr. William T. Stead, at that time editor of the *Pall Mall Gazette*. Some of the details of this interview, as related recently to an American interviewer, give an interesting glimpse of General Gordon's simplicity and lack of ostentation. When the editor rang the bell of Gordon's house, the door opened, and a little fellow whom the visitor mistook for the butler ushered him in, helped him off with his overcoat, and hung up his hat. "I asked him if General Gordon was in," says Mr. Stead, "and he replied that he was, and motioned me to go into the next room. I went in, and the little man followed me. I took a seat, and asked the little man to tell General Gordon that Mr. Stead was there and would like to see him, whereupon the little man said, 'I am General Gordon,' and reaching me his hand, took a chair and sat down beside me."

—It was once said of Justice Lamar, of whose approaching retirement from the Supreme Bench there have been rumors, that he "might be taken for a poet or an anarchist, but hardly for a judge," with his long hair and dreamy look, that give him the appearance of always being in a reverie. He is noted for his absence of mind, and is a man of moods, at times working with most zealous ardor, and again taking up his work with the greatest reluctance. As for his hospitality, a correspondent relates that when he asked permission to look over some legal papers, the justice gave them to him, and said "There they are, with writing-paper and everything you want, and there, too, is a bottle of whiskey. If you need anything else, ring for it."

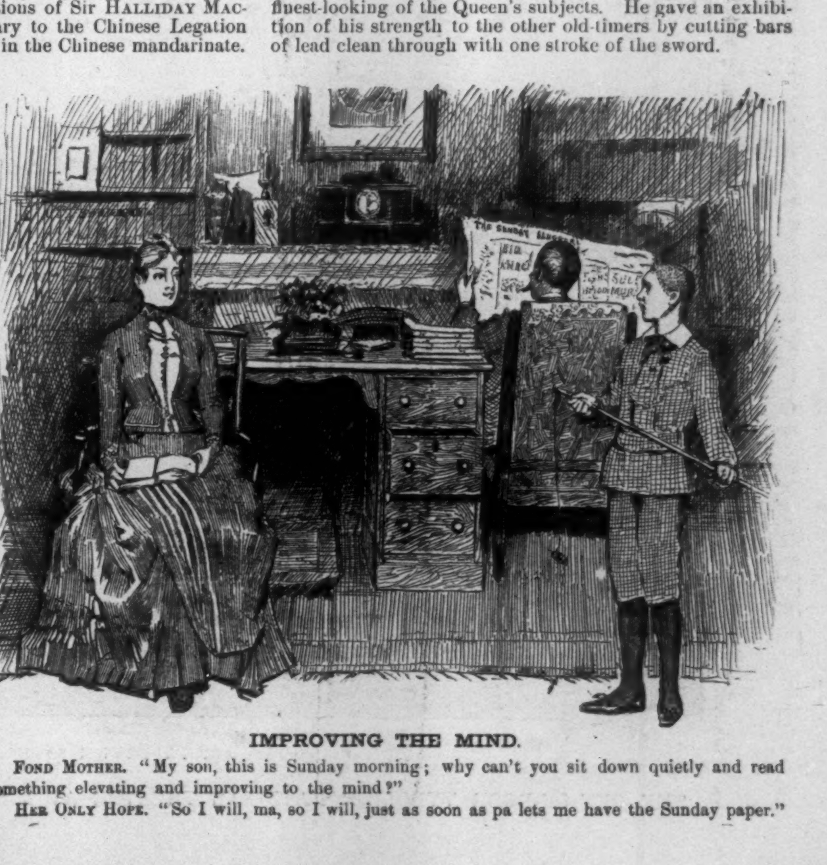
—Philip D. Armour, the millionaire packer and philanthropist of Chicago, retains many of the simple habits of his boyhood, which he passed on a farm in New England. He rises at five, breakfasts at six, and by seven is at his desk, where he remains until six in the evening. His office methods are most democratic; the entire staff of clerks occupy one large room, with no railings or glass doors to hedge off those in authority, and Mr. Armour himself sits among them, at a plain flat-top desk, distinguished from the others only by the presence there of a small bunch of roses. The great "pork prince," as he is called in the West, is a man of about sixty years, active, robust, and hearty, with the digestion of a farm-boy, and a capacity for work that occasionally surprises even those who have long been in his employ. His charities are many, the crowning one of them his recent gift of several millions to found a school for manual training.

—The youngest child of Ferdinand de Lesseps, who is undergoing in his old age the worst ordeal of his life, was born on his eightieth birthday, and is now just seven years old. M. de Lesseps is the father of eleven children by his second wife, who is still a handsome woman of but little more than forty Up to a recent period the children were continually on exhibition in the Bois de Boulogne, all mounted on little ponies and all dressed alike, so that they looked, to one irreverent eye, like "a party of child performers from some itinerant circus." Sometimes they were accompanied by their distinguished parent, but for a year past he has been in too precarious health to ride in the Bois, or, indeed, to leave the threshold of his own house.

—James Whitcomb Riley, the "Hoosier poet," told a San Francisco reporter that the two keenest regrets of his life are that he is not married, and that he was never well educated. "I do not know the least thing about grammar," he said, "and cannot tell whether a sentence is right or wrong. The only way I judge is whether it seems right or not." Of the holy estate of matrimony the poet, who is now thirty-eight, said: "It shocks me that I am not married; why, a man without wife and children enjoys no life. Marriage is the poetry of existence, that is the only way to live. All the rest is artificial." If Mr. Riley did not get a good "schooling" when he was a boy, he had one distinction over his playmates. His father, an eccentric lawyer, put him in long trousers when he was three years old, despite the tearful protest of his mother.

—Jay Gould's half-brother, Abraham Gould, is a purchasing agent of the Missouri Pacific Railway, and makes his home in St. Louis. He is one of the best liked of the road's employés, and a man from whom, it is said, "everybody has a pleasant word." He is taller than his famous brother was, broader in the shoulders, and stouter. In reference to Jay Gould's small physique, a belated anecdote from Washington relates that at the diplomatic reception some time ago everybody in the room was amused when the railroad magnate met Justice Gray, the giant of the Supreme Bench Mr. Gould's head reached only to the lower button of Judge Gray's waistcoat, and the ludicrousness of the situation caused both men to smile.

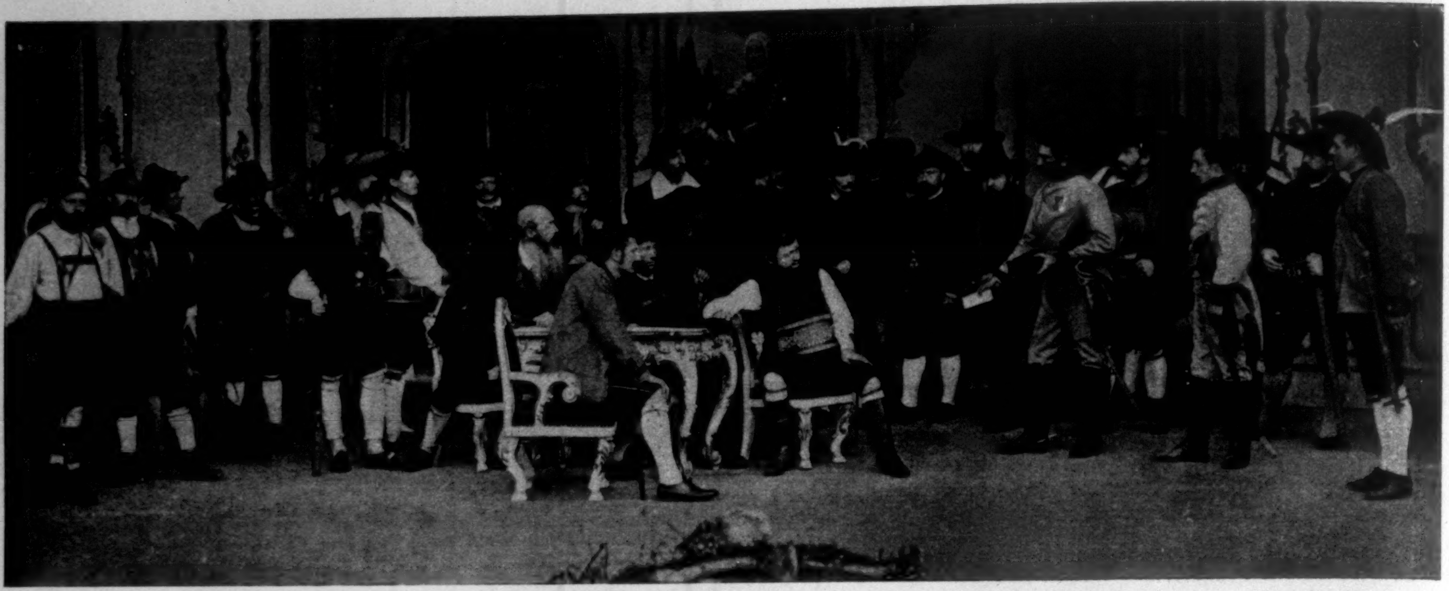
—Twenty-seven surviving heroes of Balaklava, all that could be found by scouring England, celebrated the thirty-eighth anniversary of that disastrous charge by a banquet at St. James's Hall, in London, recently. It was an interesting assemblage of grizzled veterans, all except one in plain clothes, with no suggestion of gold lace about them other than that afforded by the Crimean medals on their breasts. The only one who wore a uniform was gallant Sergeant Fawke, of the Scots Greys, who was twenty-two when he rode into the valley of death, and who at sixty is one of the finest-looking of the Queen's subjects. He gave an exhibition of his strength to the other old-timers by cutting bars of lead clean through with one stroke of the sword.



IMPROVING THE MIND.

Fond Mother. "My son, this is Sunday morning; why can't you sit down quietly and read something elevating and improving to the mind?"

Her Only Hope. "So I will, ma, so I will, just as soon as pa lets me have the Sunday paper."

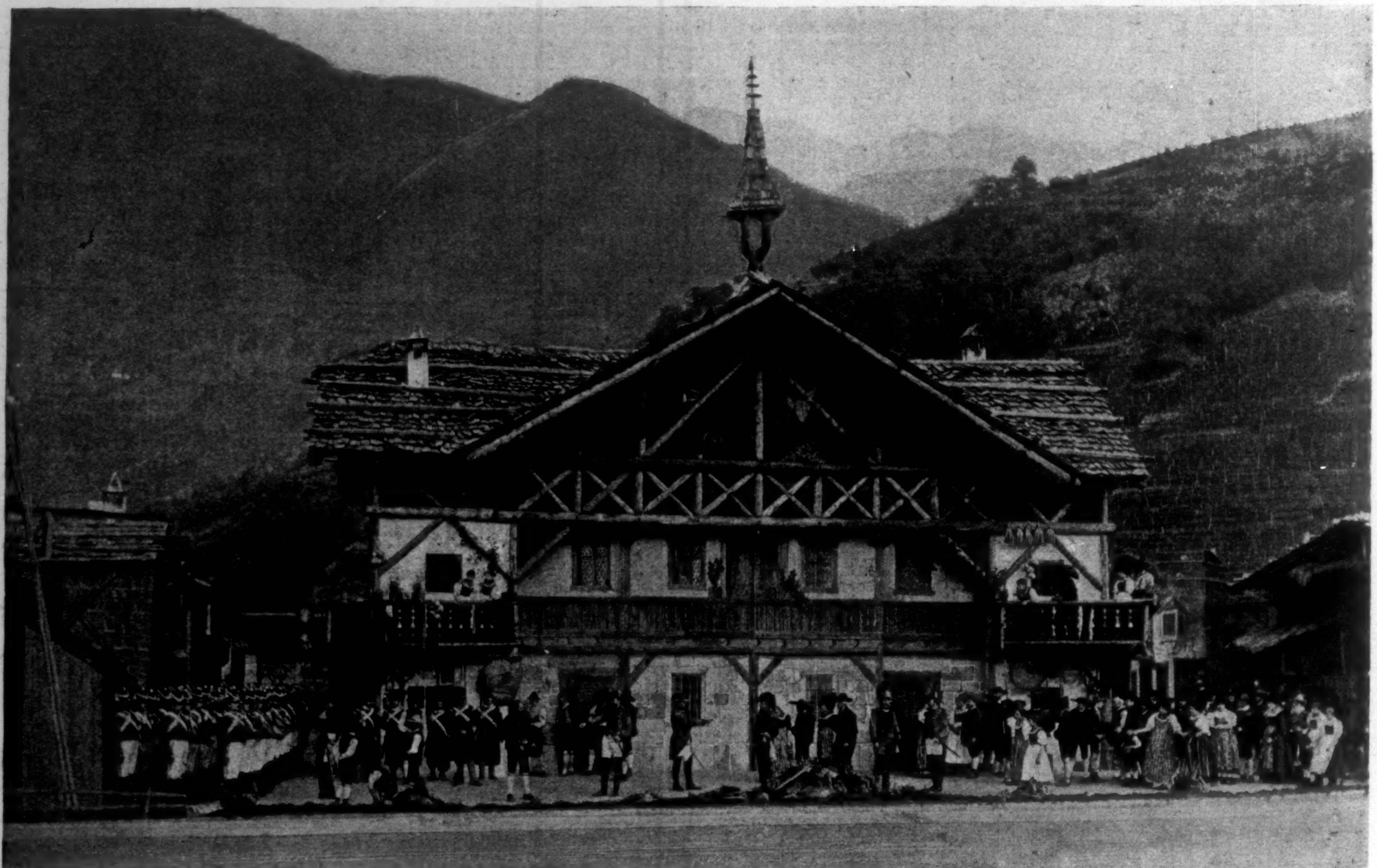


ACT II.—HOFER RECEIVES AN EMISSARY OF THE AUSTRIAN EMPIRE.

ANDREAS HOFER.

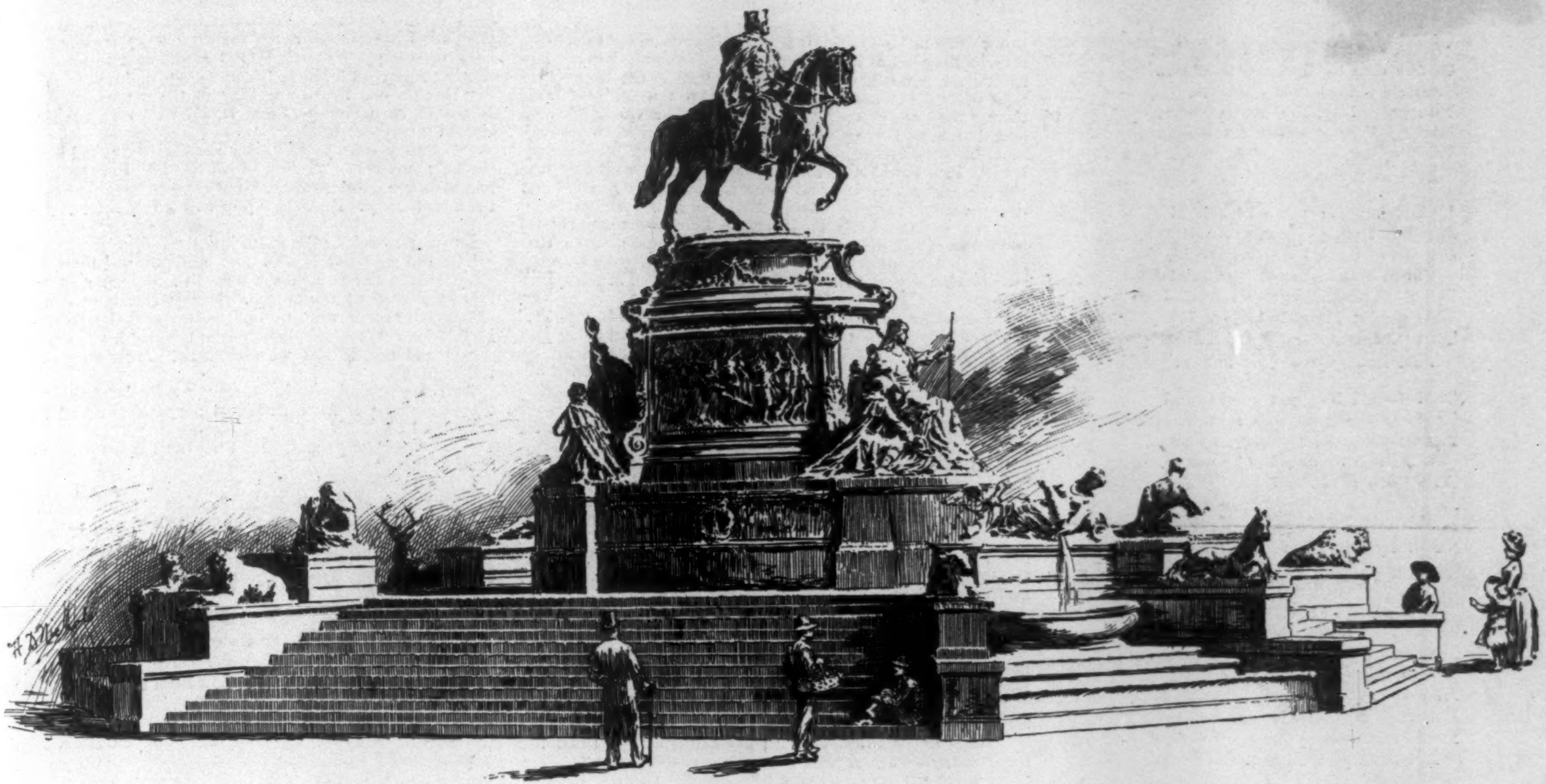
'TYPES OF TYROLESE PEASANTS.

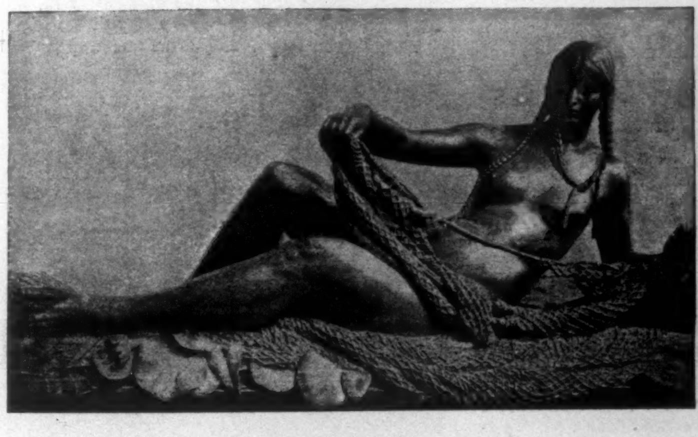
HOFER'S WIFE AND PEASANT GIRLS.

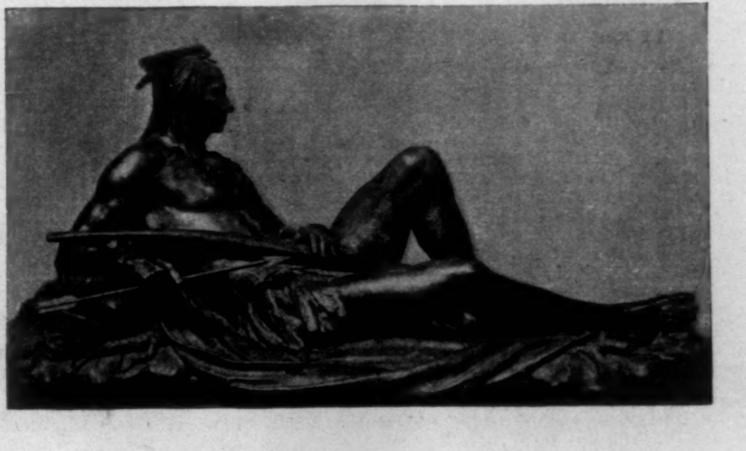


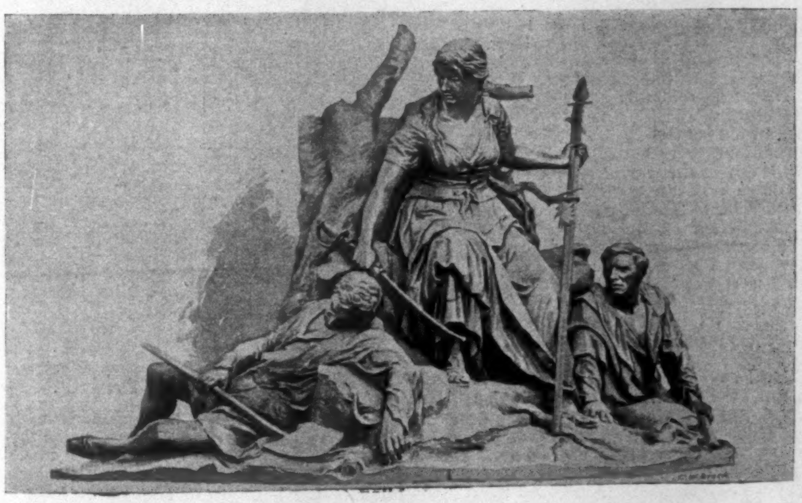
ACT IV.—FRENCH SOLDIERS LEAVING FOR THE BATTLE.

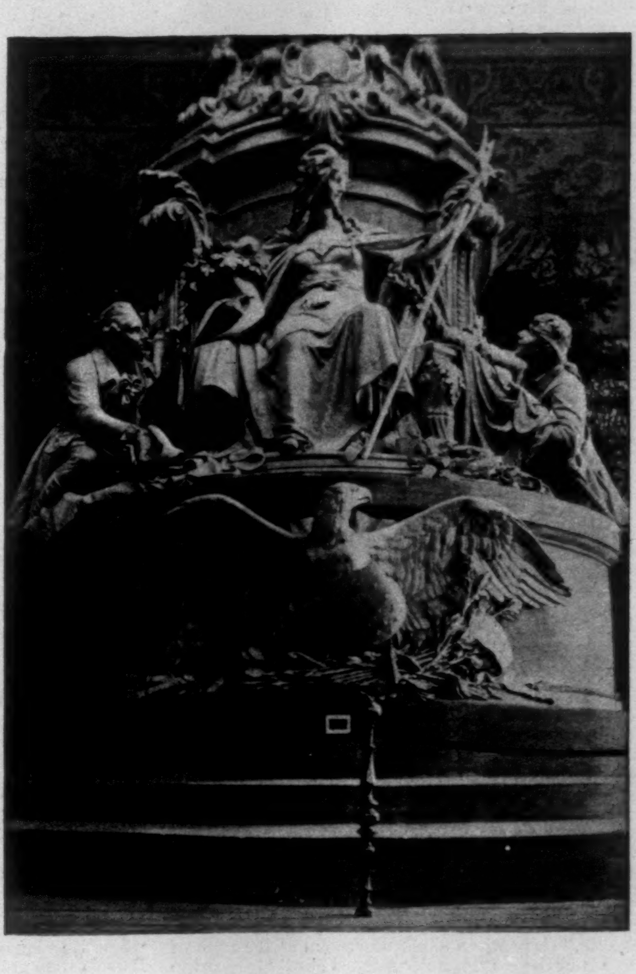
THE OUT-OF-DOOR TYROLESE NATIONAL THEATRE AT MERAN—SCENES FROM "TYROL IN THE YEAR 1809."—[SEE PAGE 64.]

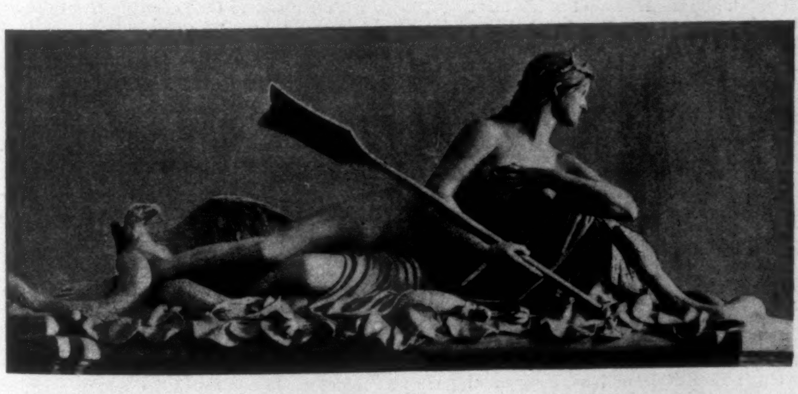












THE WASHINGTON MONUMENT TO BE ERECTED AT THE GREEN STREET ENTRANCE TO FAIRMOUNT PARK, PHILADELPHIA, BY THE PENNSYLVANIA SOCIETY OF THE CINCINNATI.—Designed by Rudolph Siemering.—[See Page 65.]

RESTITUTION.

Dear Love Disdain, I fain to you
Would offer this poor fan, in lieu
Of the rare toy I snapped in two
  Between my clumsy fingers.
You played a Machiavelian part,
Revenged your loss and broke my heart,
With smiles, whose subtle, mocking art
  Still in my memory lingers.

Unfurl it now; you will behold
A painted story—new, yet old;
She is not hard, indifferent, cold,
  This Watteau maid in yellow!
She does not scorn and then bid go
This quaint Marquis in lace *jabot*,
This "*après-moi-le-déluge*" beau,
  This Louis Quinzième fellow!

Therefore, I beg you condescend
To keep the trifle that I send;
I pray you, too, my heart to mend
  With one or two kind glances.
And learn a lesson from the fan;
It, not these halting verses, scan;
And substitute *me* if you can,
  Nor fly from Love's advances.

HER RETORT.

'Tis most incongruous, I ween,
To humble trade my arts demean,
Me, whom you oft have called a queen,
  This mending hearts for fans, sir.
And you, who princely gifts bestow,
I marvel should a beggar go.
I will not mend your heart—no, no—
  But send you mine for answer.

Nancy Mann Waddle.

HIS WEDDING-DAY.

BY MISS MARGARET TENNANT.

It was one o'clock on a hot day in June. The approach to St. George's, Hanover Square, London, was thronged with landaus and victorias, out of which beautiful heads strained impatiently to see how soon the policeman would allow them to move on; coachmen and footmen stiff with powder and bouquets eyed each other, and waited for the official arm to be lowered, and the counter-stream of carriages to be stopped in their turn. Thickly packed groups of on-lookers crowded round the pillars of the great black church, and jammed and jostled each other upon the pavement. Through the bustle and rustle of the open doorway strains of the organ were faintly heard. Carriage after carriage pulled up and delivered its burden of fashionable beauty.

A group of little bridemaids in white were chattering to each other on the top of the steps, hugging large bouquets of roses and ribbons, while their mothers in busy pride circulated smiles and bows, and readjusted the large hats of their officiating offspring, which, owing to the delay of the bride, were poised at strange angles.

"What a little sweet your Violet is," said one lady, pointing to a plain little girl standing stiffly in her new dress with her toes turned in. "I was thinking how becoming these hats are to your little Angela."

"Hold yourself up, darling," said another lady, tapping her child across the other one's hat, "and do not all stop at the altar huddled together, but leave a little space between each of you, and do not stand or kneel on the bride's dress, or our darling Pamela will be upset. What a long time the dear girl is, and she was nearly dressed when I looked in twenty minutes ago! The room was too full of people, and her poor mother would insist on kissing her after her veil had been most carefully arranged by Mary and Jane, and of course the diamond stars caught in the lace of her sleeves, and dragged poor Pamela's Greek knot and orange blossoms most terribly."

The church was filling rapidly. In the chatter and curiosity and whispered criticism a long figure of a rather obscurely dressed man slipped past the bridemaids up the steps, past the ladies'-maids holding wedding-favors, past the reporters and wedding guests, took up his position behind some young guardsmen who were standing just inside the door. He had a pale face, and on any other occasion the intensity of his expression must have attracted notice. He held his hand across his chest under his coat, and kept his eye riveted on the church door. At the entrance of the bride the excitement was great; the organ pealed and vibrated, and the company fell back to allow the bride to walk down the aisle on the arm of her father. Every head was turned and every eye strained to see the exquisite beauty of Pamela Churchill, as for one moment she stood in her long white gown and scanned the dusky interior of St. George's.

The pale guest had been carried forward by the eagerness of the crowd, but finding himself close to the bride, he stepped back, lowering his head to escape observation, not, however, before Pamela's little head, erect and moving, had turned towards him, and her direct gaze fixed upon his face. It was in the flash of a moment that their eyes met; the white swaying figure passed on, and its outline was lost in the procession of hats and bouquets, but the man shrank into the shadow of the gallery like "a guilty thing surprised," and if possible his face was a shade paler, while his arm seemed to contract across his heart as if stifling its throbbing.

The organ stopped playing. The voice of the priest rose clear, "Dearly beloved, we are gathered together here in the sight of God." Shafts of light fell in mottled purple at the feet of the young couple. The sun and shade from the stained windows cast a mystery over the altar, and the gloom of the whole church was in direct contrast to the summer brilliance of the congregation.

When the bridegroom, following the clergyman, said, in a deep audible voice, "I, Henry, take thee, Pamela, to be my wedded wife," there was a slight movement at the back of the church, and the long stranger stepped slowly forward to where he could see the altar. He stood quite motionless till the clergyman said, "Those whom God hath joined together let no man put asunder," then he retired to the obscurity of his former position.

To quote the evening paper, "the service was choral, and efficiently conducted." The young couple walked out of church to the strains of Mendelssohn's magnificent Wedding March. It was noticed afterwards that Pamela did not stop, but walked rather hurriedly past her friends on her husband's arm, looking about her with less self-possession than she had shown on her entrance. As they reached the doorway a man pushed himself rather roughly through the scattering throng that was closing round the bride in enthusiastic congratulation, and stepping quietly up to the bridegroom, took from his own breast pocket a letter, which he pressed significantly into his hand. His expression was so sinister that Pamela shrank up closer to her husband; he hurried her into the carriage after putting the letter in his pocket.

It was not to be expected that such an occurrence should pass unnoticed, and many were the curious glances that followed the mysterious wedding guest as he stole into the street and disappeared. He was the subject of much speculation.

"I never saw a more threatening countenance in my life," said one lady; "poor Pamela was terrified, I could see; and did you see her expression when her husband would not let her have the letter? Depend upon it, there was something curious in that letter. I thought she was very absent during the service."

"Oh, my dear Fanny, how could you see—we were all behind her?"

"But she looked round continually."

"I never noticed that."

"Oh, I did; but it was to make little Violet come and hold her glove and bouquet," said another.

"But did you see the man? He was close to me, and never stopped staring at Pamela, and held his hand so mysteriously under his coat, I began to think he had a revolver, and would blow the bridegroom's brains out."

"Oh, my dear Fanny, what ideas you have got!"

"Well, such things have happened before."

"Have they? I have been to a great many weddings, and never saw anything interesting. I never have met any one who even heard the banns disputed."

"I wonder who the man was; he reminded me so much of a face I have seen somewhere."

"Don't let us think of him; his starved expression has made me quite hungry. Here we are at the house."

"I hope our present looks well, John. I rather wish we had chosen the other tea set, though £15 is as much as I ever give for a wedding-present."

"My dear Fanny, no one would think that our present had cost so little; if you look at the teapot, it might have cost anything."

"Jump out, Angela; and step on the matting, or you will ruin your shoes."

Nobody was very clear as to how the bride and bridegroom looked or conducted themselves during the wedding breakfast, but sly Fanny Jones said there was a visible change in their faces, and observed that the only time Pamela spoke to her husband he did not answer her. Some one said that this was because he was removing sugar cradles and bird-cages off the cake preparatory to cutting it. Pamela went up stairs, surrounded by a bevy of female friends, to change into her travelling dress. There was a deafening hum of talk and laughter, and the crush upon the stairs defied progression. A confusion of bridemaids' bouquets in waiters' faces; lace shawls caught into parasol spikes; dresses torn; toes trodden on.

In the long drawing-rooms the wedding-presents were laid out for inspection, and many and free were the criticisms passed upon them.

"This is the ninth travelling clock I have counted. I have given up trying to count the candlesticks and paper-cutters. Dear me, what a shabby writing-case! Who can have given that? (looking at the card). The Princess L. of Saxe D. Goodness! I dare say it's valuable. It grows on me. What a handsome glove-box! I am sure some great person has given our darling this. No! Mr. Truefitt! Fancy, John dear, look! I don't see our present anywhere. We must find it. If you take that side, I will work my way down here, and we can meet over at the diamonds. At this minute there was a rush to the foot of the stairs to see Pamela come down in her "going-away" gown. She wore a three-cornered hat and a long green cloak. Pulling one side of her skirt and cloak out of the way of a dainty little foot, she stepped slowly down the stairs, such dignity in the upward poise of her lovely head that, instead of crushed compliments and tearful embracings, the company stood still to look at her The carriage drove off in a shower of rice and heelless satin shoes. Pamela, leaning out of the window, kissed her hand to her mother. As she did so, a face in the crowd caught her eye. She withdrew her head instantly, and the horses stepped on out of the square, swung round the corner of Park Lane towards Paddington Station.

After the incident which I have described, it was not to be supposed that such company as gathers at a fashionable London wedding should not talk.

Henry Mortimer was fifteen years older than his bride, Pamela Churchill. He was well known in two worlds, sporting and dramatic. Tall, well bred, and easy-going, there was no sensation he had not experienced. A finished man of the world, he argued, with Alfred de Musset, "*Qu'il faut aimer beaucoup de choses dans ce bas monde pour savoir après tout ce qu'on aime le mieux.*" The announcement of his marriage provoked considerable surprise. It was the subject of endless conversation, nor was the interest in any way diminished by the occurrence related above. Some time after the wedding a lady told the story to a few very intimate friends after dinner, thus:

"Of course every one knew why Henry Mortimer was in love with Pamela. She was not a bit in love with him. I know from her greatest friend that she has always cared for one man; I do not know his name, her friend was too loyal to tell me that, but I know he is a wretched creature full of debts, and with an awful temper. He had great influence over her, and every one knows they were most intimate. She was madly in love with him. At the wedding, I was told by the cousin of a woman who was there herself and saw it with her own eyes, a wretched-looking man, but a gentleman, of course, made himself most conspicuous, going right up to the altar and staring at the bride so intensely that she turned and shuddered whenever she caught his eye. A group of guardsmen pushed him back, but this made him wild. He slipped down the side aisle, and as Henry and Pamela were going to get into their carriage he placed himself in front of the door, and took a letter, which some swear was in Pamela's handwriting, out from under his coat and thrust it into Henry Mortimer's hand. Pamela, with a slight cry, tried to get it away from him, but he pushed her roughly into the carriage, and with a rigid face put the letter in his pocket and got in after her. My friend's cous only just had time to catch Pamela's expression as she lea back in the carriage. Wasn't it terrible? And it is qui true, for I have heard much the same story from one or tw very ungossipy people. Fanny says she will never forg that wedding. She kept the menu of the breakfast."

"Has no one heard anything of the young couple sinc It would be a strange thing if, after all this, the marria should turn out well."

"Let me relieve you," said a somewhat cynical listener t the lady speaker. "I met a man last night at the Turf wh had seen the Mortimers at Monte Carlo. He was gambli most recklessly. From this you will surely infer the worst."

Let us go back to the church door.

The footman touched his hat, and jumped upon the carriage beside the coachman, who drove them rapidly awa from the gaze of the crowd. Henry Mortimer caught hi wife's little hand, and, powerless to speak the passion tha he felt for her, looked silently into the depth of her eyes.

"Oh, Harry, at last we are alone! Must we go back t the house?"

And she pouted playfully, drawing the least thing neare to him. He put his arm round her, and touched her hair with his lips.

"What a strange man that was that came up to us at th door, Henry."

"Yes, poor devil. Let us see what his paper says. 'Venus Soap—saves rubbing.'" Henry laughed, and said, "They might have gone a step further, and said, 'Saves washing.'"

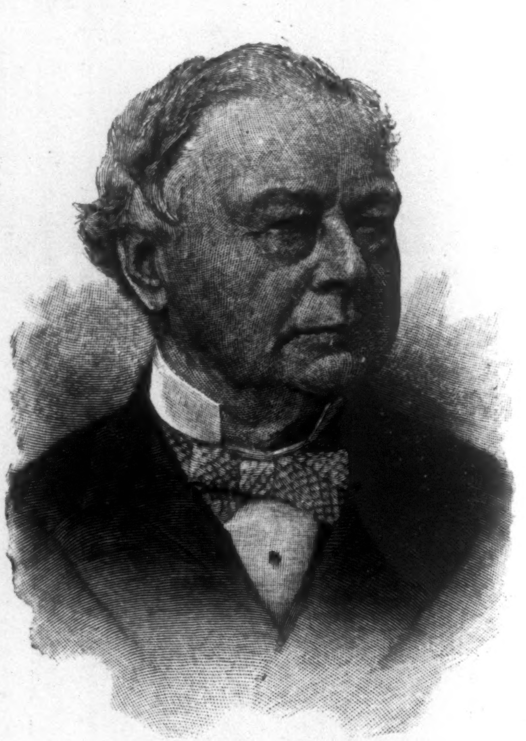
LOVE.

To some few souls it comes in all its power,
  And are they blest or curst? With indrawn breath
And hearts tumultuous they receive their dower,
  And love, for well and ill, through life, through death.

Howe'er it be, dear love, I know to-day,
  If all the world were ranged, and you stood lone
Upon the other side, I should obey
  If you held out your arms and bade me come.

This truth, then, dear, take with you every day,
  That, whatsoe'er may come of good or ill,
At night-time there is always one to pray
  That heaven may love you as one woman will.

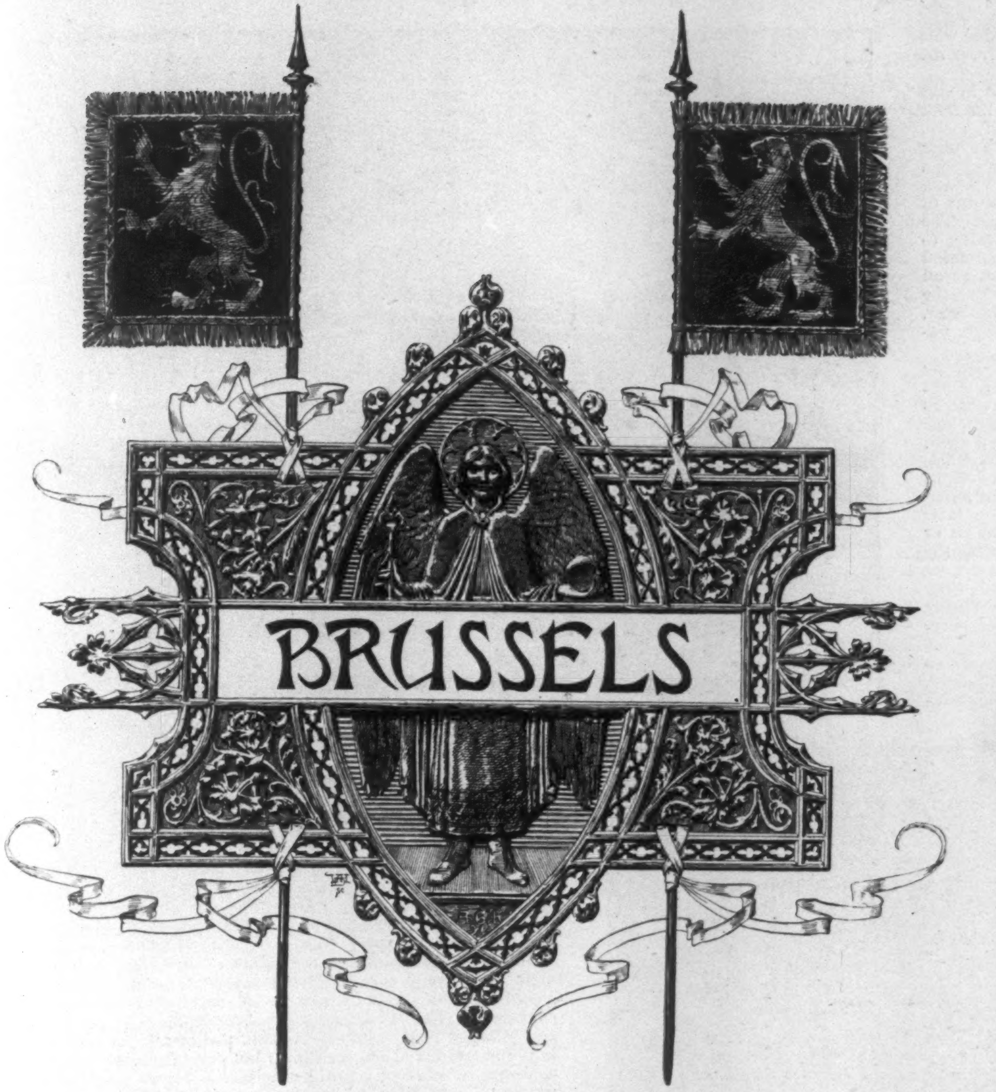
A. P. B.



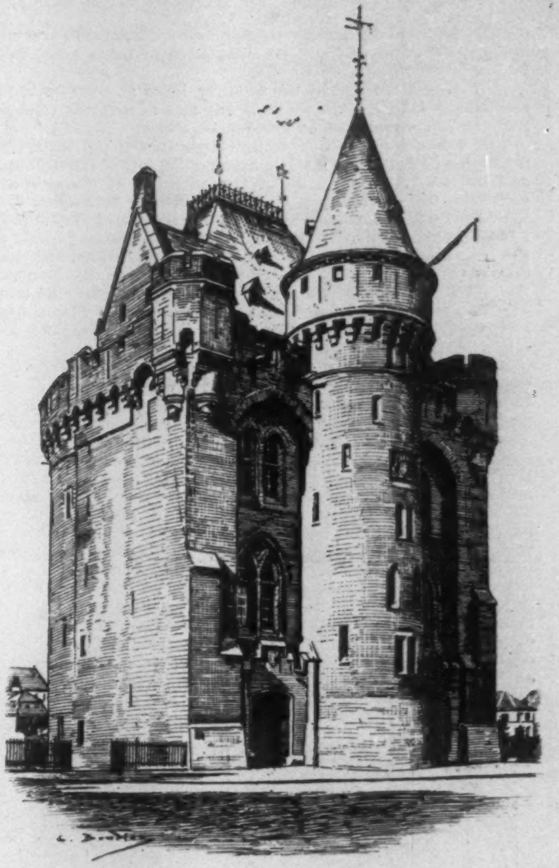
ABIEL ABBOTT LOW.

Abiel Abbott Low died at his home in Brooklyn on Saturday, January 7th. Mr. Low was one of the most prominent men of the city where he lived, being always closely connected with public and private enterprises tending to the promotion of the interests of Brooklyn. He was born in Salem, Massachusetts, February 7, 1811, and at the age of twenty-two went to Canton, China, where he engaged in business with Russell & Co., entering the firm four years later. In 1840 Mr. Low returned to this country, and took up business in New York, establishing the famous firm of A. A. Low & Co., which soon grew to be the largest American house engaged in the China trade. In 1841 he married Ellen Almira Dow, by whom he had four children, the Hon. Seth Low, President of Columbia College, and ex-Mayor of Brooklyn, being his second son. Mr. Low at that time made his home in Brooklyn, where he lived until his death. In 1850 Mrs. Low died, and two years later Mr. Low was married to the widow of his brother, Mrs. Anna D. B. Low. He had one son, William B. Low, by this second marriage. Several years ago Mr. Low retired from active business, leaving it in charge of his sons, A. Augustus Low and William B. Low. These, together with President Seth Low, are his only surviving children, two daughters having died.

Mr. Low never accepted public office, though deeply interesting himself in all prominent movements. For eight years he was President of the New York Chamber of Commerce. He was one of the founders of the Packer Institute of Brooklyn, and being chosen President of the institution in 1858, continued to hold the office until his death, always evincing the most lively interest in the work. Mr. Low was also connected with a number of charitable and financial institutions of Brooklyn, and was held in high esteem by all his associates, by whom his loss is deeply felt and lamented.



BRUSSELS



THE PORTE DE HAL.

BY CAMILLE LEMONNIER.

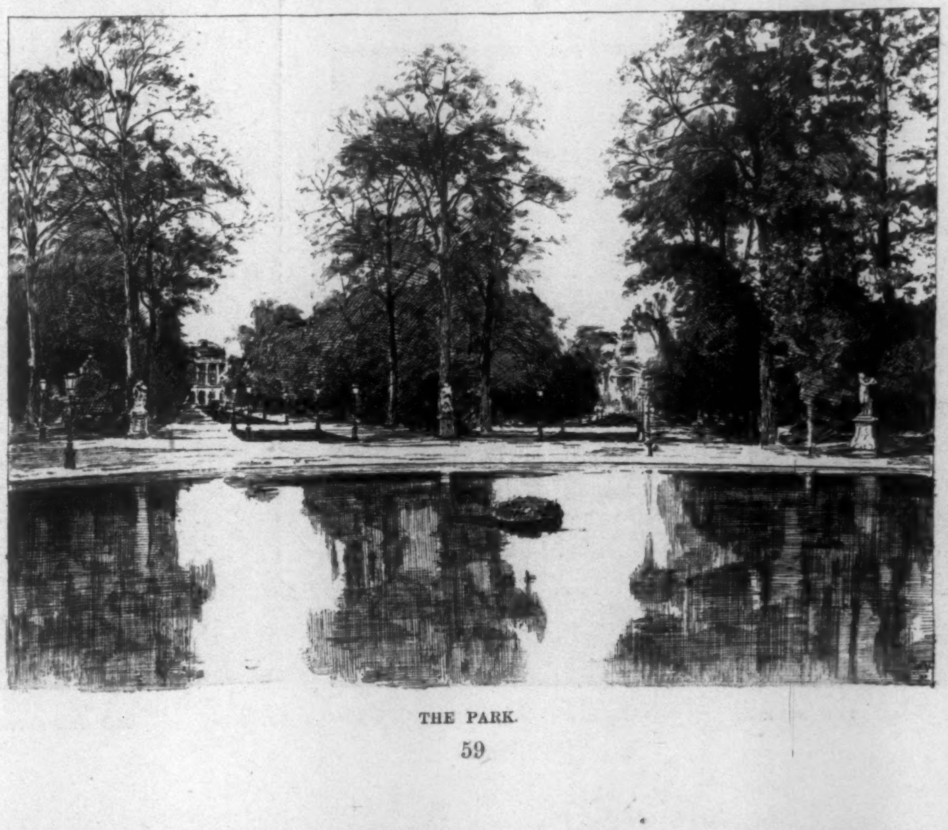
FROM the memories of my childhood stands out an ancient town with tortuous lanes, and projecting houses with crooked fronts looming forth from reeking mists with dripping eaves; a town with an appearance all its own, quite distinct from that of other capitals, homely yet fascinating, with no self-consciousness about it; a sleepy town with Béguine nunneries clustering about the apses of crumbling churches, but waking into life again with the noise of traffic, the clamor of markets, the hubbub of wine shops; a town which went tumbling down steep declivities, forming a perfect net-work of lanes and blind alleys crowding about the outlets of cross-roads, spreading across bridges, sending forth offshoots of masonry with tottering gables adorned with barge-board mouldings resembling pikes' jaws, the teeth of saws, or the prows of vessels, pediments surmounted by urns, lamps, or astrolabes, festooned with sculptured wreaths and embossed with bass-reliefs; a town the traditional boundaries of which were very restricted, descending in a series of irregularly built houses towards the Hôtel de Ville, the palpitating heart of the city, which had not as yet spread into the suburbs, but was girdled with counterscarps where its boulevards now are; a town taken by assault by the windings of a rapid muddy river meandering amongst the closely packed houses of the lower town, wearing away the bases of the façades, making breaches in the foundations of decorticated walls eaten away by the friction of the water, tattooed with patches of mould, and draped with wallwort, or the flanks of buildings mellow with age and altogether out of the perpendicular, with wartlike wooden balconies, glazed brattices, and parasitical excrescences; mill-weirs, mill-wheels, moss-grown arches, stagnant sewers with choked outlets flaked with ochreous foam, dashed with gelatinous streaks, rainbowed with the waste of dye-works, coagulated with the refuse of breweries—that putrid Senne, which, having assumed the office of public depository, became choked with the swollen bodies of drowned dogs and rubbish of all kinds, redolent of the charnel-house and the morass, and in a perpetual state of fermentation beneath a cloud of mosquitoes and black flies, a vast alembic bubbling forth hot exhalations and giving out poisonous gases; but with it all, there was yet the bright activity of a commercial waterway, with paddle-wheels churning up the scum, ducks splashing about beneath the drooping willows, whilst at midnight the reflections of lanterns and candles flashed here and there with light the black pathway of the water, with its tributary gutters and sewers, its affluents of refuse from manufactories, its rivulets sadly merging their existence in that of the main stream. The whole scene was, in fact, thoroughly characteristic of the easy-going provincial capital in its decadence, imbued with traditions, and respected ancient customs never ignored, with thoroughly domesticated and intensely commonplace manners, handed down from one generation to another.

From these far-distant days echo dull voices, the muffled sound of parish chimes, the tinkling of cracked bronze and sonorous brass, with the booming of the great bells on solemn occasions. Once more I see peaceful, unfashionable households, silent chapels, weeping tears of warm wax over the genuflections of good women in hoods and mantles of print; I watch whole families strolling towards the tea-gardens of Pannenhuys, Pachterziel, and Petit Paris, by way of paths bordered with cabbages beside little babbling streams. In streets as shady as woods, beneath the waving of oriflammes and banners fanning the countless illuminations in the windows, pass religious processions, with gleaming chasubles, dalmaticas, and flashing jewels, the sign of benediction made by the priest to an accompaniment of liturgical psalmody, the clashing of bells, and the crash of military music. The wild revelry of the Kirmess, or open-air fair, is going on, with its motley crowds, its feasting, and its gluttony. The air is full of the musty fumes of the kitchen, and here come the good giants, Janneke and Mieke, Ommegancks of clumsy gestures, athletes dragging along symbolic buildings, guilds defiling to the clinking of medals encircling the staves of standards.

Brussels is now a showy, geometrically built city, with endless straight avenues, cubic perspectives, and well-ordered suburbs; a young and laughing capital vulgarized by its imitation of every other capital, and which an immoderate love of stucco has led to the imitation of Paris in particular; a modernized town laid out by rule, scraped clean with pumice-stone, deprived of all the bric-à-brac of its antiquities, rebuilt without any of its primitive originality; a town which has sprung forth from the vitals of its ancient quarters with ready-made squares, symmetrical thoroughfares, straight streets, stucco and bastard-stucco buildings, five-storied houses, all the usual topographical peculiarities of Europeanism; a town which has laid aside its ancient robes, crumbled to dust its antique plaster-work, pulverized its venerable relics, cleaned out its sewers, aerified its sinks, desquamated its ulcers, to make itself like other towns; a town of palaces, barracks, academies, and official buildings, in which is concentrated all the machinery of government, and which is the very heart of the body-politic; a town which, with its sparse population altogether insufficient to people its wide thoroughfares, and with its somewhat paralyzing condition of well-being, its ostentatious luxury and wealth, calls up a vision of another La Haye, a purring, self-satisfied, quiet, satiated, much-envied place; a town which has retained its bourgeois character with all its pomp, a matter-of-fact, homelike, punctilious city; a town inhabited by men of simple manners and moderate intellectual power, combined with a weakness for trivial amusements and military pomp and show; yet, with it all, still remaining a very paradise to those who like to lead an easy, careless life.

The rapid building of houses has done away with the old boundaries. The rich fermenting mould of the market gardens of the past is now degraded to serve as manure, and is shut in by brick and mortar. The humid earth, so suitable for the growth of cabbages and turnips, has been baked into bricks for the building of faubourgs, which, stretching beyond the old suburbs, have in their turn become important cells in the big Brussels hive. Ceaseless building has encroached on the country; mortar, plaster, and stucco have replaced the fertile lands which so amply repaid the labor of the tiller of the soil. One must now tramp over miles of pavement between compact tetragons of houses before one can once more reach the country and inhale the aroma of freshly turned earth; at last the green zone comes in sight, and we see before us the undulations of the agricultural districts of Brabant, encircled by low hills, a pastoral land with valleys rich in cereals, avenues of poplars, woods and grass lands, hamlets of houses with whitewashed walls and red roofs, looking like strawberries in a bowl of cream.

One thing must, however be added to this account: the transition from the old to the new is not rendered melancholy in Brussels by the necessity, such as was formerly usual on entering a town, of passing through sickly, putrid, devastated quarters, waste places fit only for gibbets and encumbered with rubbish. The townsman on his way to the open country is spared the usual dreary stretch of wretched suburbs strewn with dust-heaps and cinders, fetid



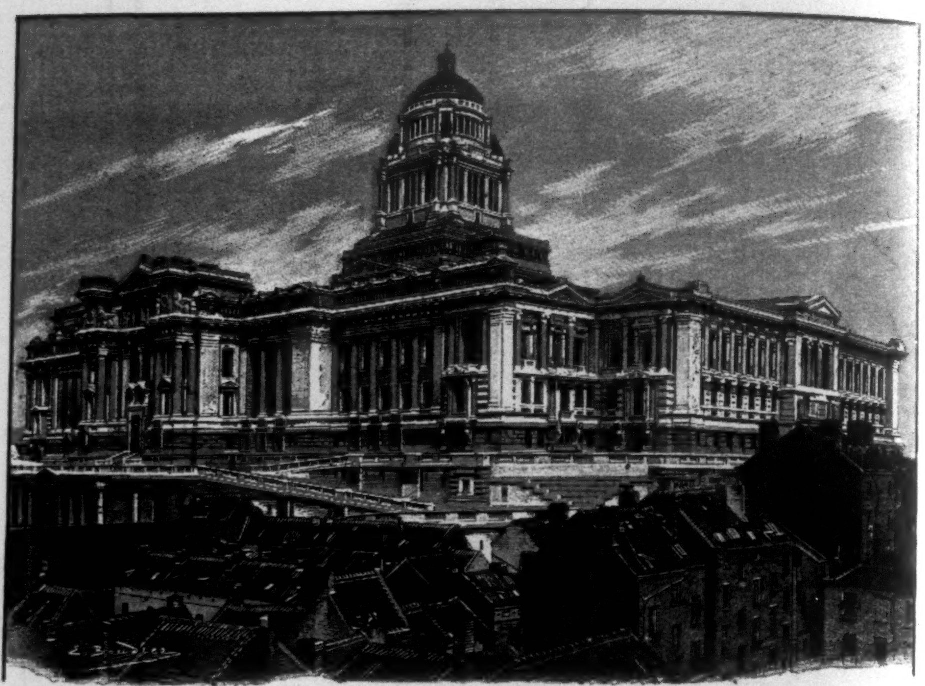
THE PARK.

deserts haunted by mangy dogs, gloomy cemeteries overcrowded with many generations of the dead, frequented by tramps, fugitives from the law, and other homeless wanderers.

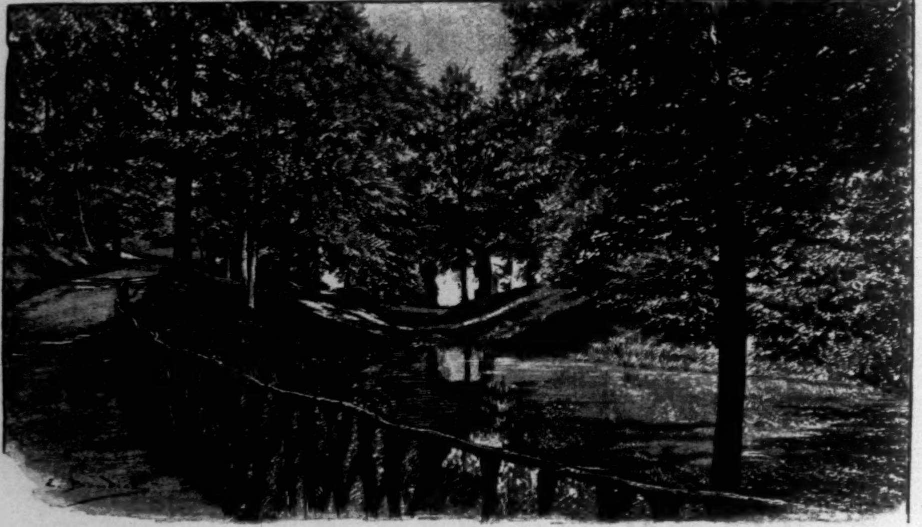
In Brussels we are in the country lanes as soon as the last houses are passed, inhaling the scent of hay and of manure, amongst the trees and running streams of fair landscape scenes.

The avenues and principal thoroughfares of the town are the lungs through which it pumps fresh, bracing air, full of strengthening oxygen and iodine. All round about the outskirts of Brussels are villages, flowering meadows, farms noisy with lowing cattle, and the arbors of little Flemish inns, from which issue the sounds of skittle-playing. The low-thatched cottages, the leafy groves, the weather-cocks pointing to the sky, the thick-set, brown-skinned drinkers round the tables, remind one of a landscape by Teniers; whilst in the distance is the grand frame-work of a district which gradually becomes more rocky—the Walloon country, with its oozy soil, so thoroughly Flemish in character, inhabited by a sturdy, squat, and active race, speaking a rough, unchanging patois.

As a matter of course, an exodus *en masse* of citizens succeeded the extension of the suburbs. The people who had been crowded almost to suffocation in the narrow tortuous alleys and lanes, the well-to-do middle classes, the clerks with fixed salaries—in a word, the whole *bourgeoisie*, tempted by the thought of owning gardens of their own, rushed countrywards. At Ixelles, St. Josse, Schœrbeck, and St. Gilles the relative comfort of a house big enough to hold a family could be had at a low rent. The love of an open-air life and the horror of living on one story, so natural to the natives of Brussels, goaded on their hasty departure. Out there in small though private houses with six or seven stories, and a bit of lawn shut in between four walls, with the inevitable greenhouse projecting from the ground-floor, it was at least possible to have a home, a home of one's very own, in which the little ones could play about freely and grow naturally, the wife could busy herself with her household cares, and the husband plant out his borders of pansies, petunias, and mignonette, overfeed his rabbits, and rear his canaries. The result of all this was a very material happiness made up of many little pleasures, which added to the fame of the Capua of Brabant.



THE PALAIS DE JUSTICE.

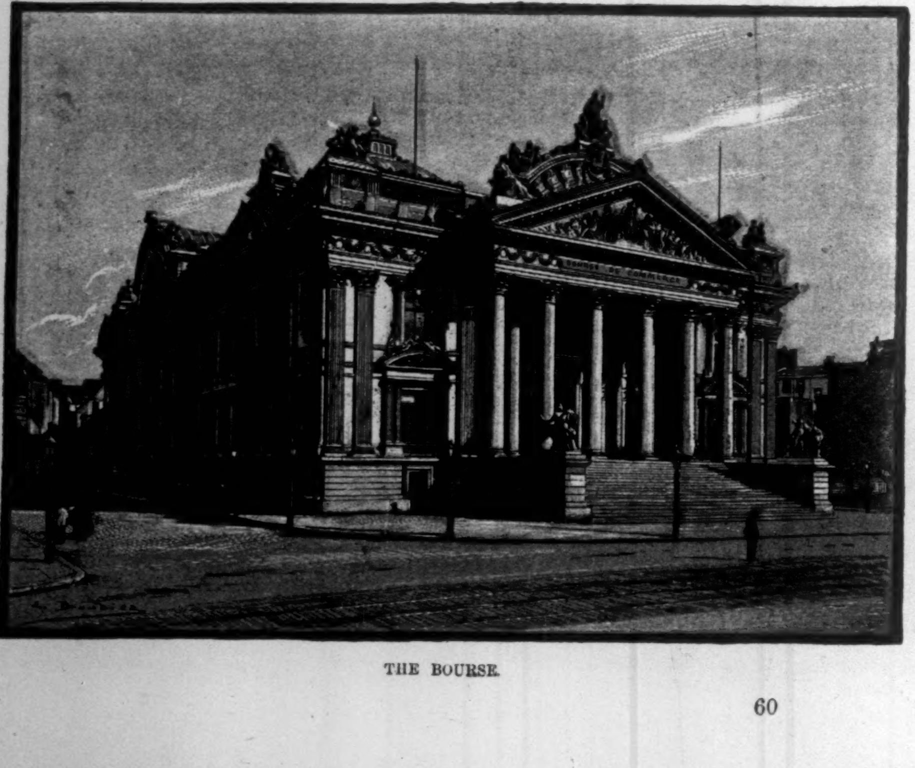


THE BOIS DE LA CAMBRE.

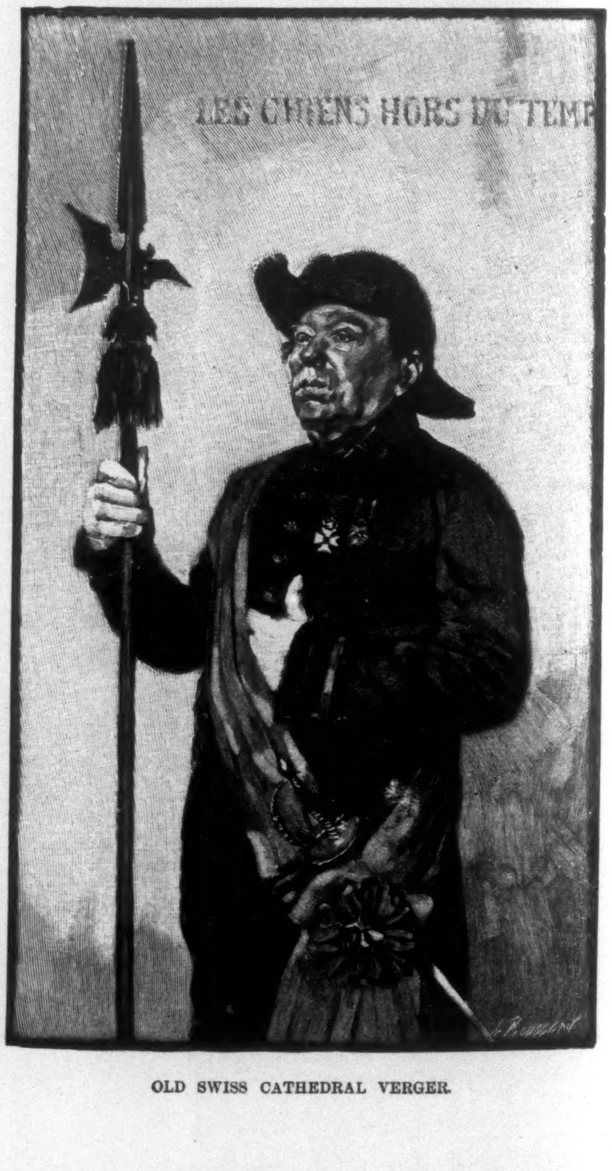
This type of Brussels house, more or less decorated, has been multiplied to such an extent that even those families with fluctuating, precarious incomes can each have its own private dwelling, go up its own stairway, live between walls papered at four sous the piece, and blissfully inhale the scents of a little garden shared with no one else. This is one of the peculiarities of Brussels life. From the upper stories one looks down upon tiny, geometrically shaped, rectangular spaces, with green trees and beds of variegated tulips, marked out perhaps with little nails, amongst which, his pruning-scissors in his hand, walks the owner, in a nankeen jacket. A shady path, a cloisterlike seclusion, a tonic soothing freshness in the air in these little spaces open to the sky, relieve the monotony of the dreary cubes of masonry with something of the brightness of the country. Then again, whilst the masses of the new boulevards were rising three or four stories high, in imitation of Paris, though the tenants were still to come, new arrivals were crowding into the faubourgs and suburbs, hastening to quit Brussels, where the concierge was firmly established, in their turn building houses like barracks, substituting for the old customs a life in lodgings, with its many little family groups under one roof.

Hitherto this kind of thing had been all but unknown; none but bachelors and journeymen put up with the risks of these little apartments, with their happy-go-lucky style of housekeeping. Squares of yellow paper stuck in the windows still announce, in local fashion, which part of the house is to let. "Apartments furnished" is one of the clumsy barbarisms which always rouse the mockery of the French. With a view to keep down expenses, the needy citizen would let out a few of the apartments of his house, in which there was hardly room to turn round. To live in lodgings is, however, still to lose caste in Brussels, where the people love to have plenty of room, and, like the rest of the world, judge very much from externals. On the other hand, the modern division of the houses into flats and stories, the casemated rooms giving the whole building the appearance of a commercial caravansary, and the sets of apartments on one floor, having different entrance doors, give the owners a certain sense of real estate.

I remember for what a length of time remained unlet the huge houses run up by speculative builders on the ruins of the tenements which once crowded together on the banks of the sluggish and slimy Senne. This primitive receiver of river-side filth is now bridged over with aqueducts, and winds its way out of the city through dark and gloomy catacombs. The old so-called Renaissance buildings have been exhumed and pillaged to be used up as sham pediments, pseudo-colonnades, and minor symmetrical and rectilinear but petty decorations, such as endives, cabbages, artichokes, acanthi, crucibles, astragals, Cupids, and allegorical figures; a debased bric-à-brac ornamentation, which has become the very base and foundation of a certain style of architectural decorations, and is piled up as if on a set of shelves. Well, none of these houses were taken; the huge carcasses remained empty, their ground-floors yawning wide; no industries came to give life to the cavernous solitudes; the lordly buildings became defaced by the peeling off of their plaster decorations and the growth of a leprous mould. In vain did the concierge—that imported creature, that exotic biped struggling to become naturalized in Brussels—exhaust his blandishments, stooping even to accosting the passers-by; the list of houses to let was not diminished.



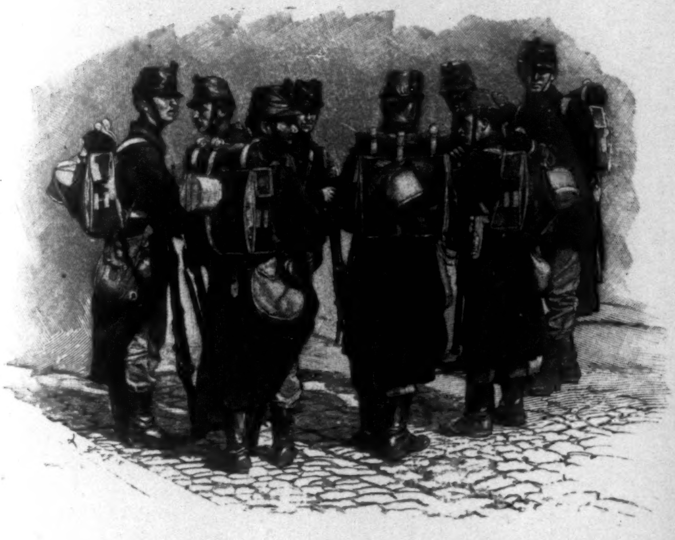
THE BOURSE.


LES CHIENS HORS DU TEMP

OLD SWISS CATHEDRAL VERGER.

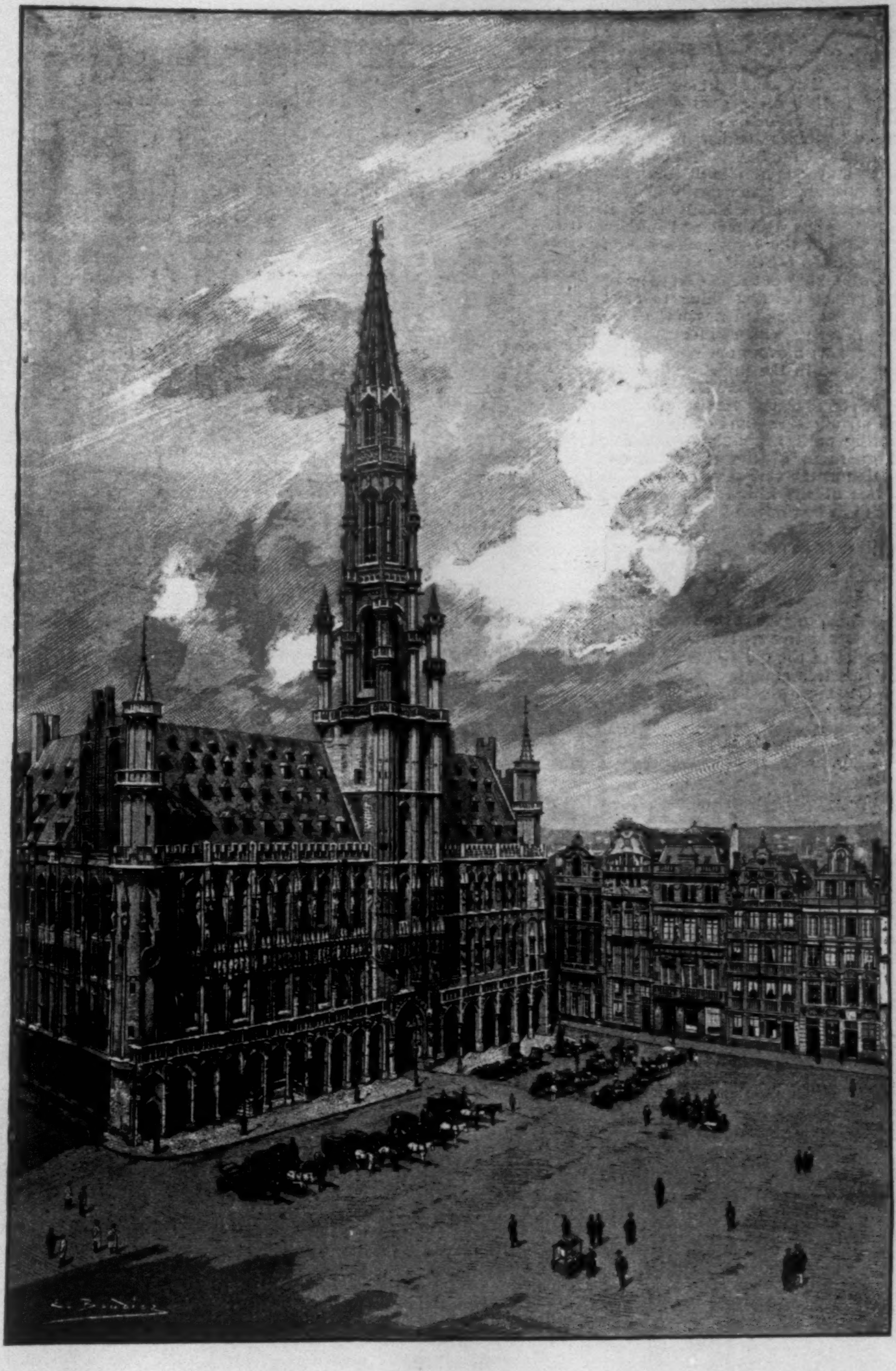
To every one here, accustomed to owning the key of his own house, the thraldom of having a porter appeared quite insupportably repugnant. Neither did it suit the legs of the people of Brussels to have to climb up five stories, their Alpine feats having been hitherto limited to the ascent of the seven hills on which their town is built. Then again, the number of rooms in the houses prevented their being suitable for shops, offices, studios, or workshops. The natives prefer less rigorous conditions of life, where there is some scope for individuality, and where the house does not look quite so much like a syndicate of households and of composite communities.

Men who remember 1830 still speak with pride of a Brussels in which, after leaving the theatre on the Place de la Monnaie, the aristocracy of the time met at the so-called Au Doux, a simple tavern used as a kind of club, where members of the most distinguished noble families of Belgium, such as the Hooghvorsts, the Chasteleers, the Andelots, and the De Merodes, might be seen drinking Louvain beer and playing ecarté by candle-light for stakes of fifty centimes (*Souvenirs du Vieux Bruxelles*, by J. Dierickx de Ten Hamme); a Brussels owning but three newspapers—the *Oracle*, the *Petit Courrier des Pays Bas*, and the *Lynx;* where the bourgeoisie flocked to the celebrated Café des Mille-Colonnes to see the owner of that alhambra himself light the gas, then an almost unknown luxury; a Brussels without carts, without cabs, or vigilantes, as they are called, and in which the first omnibus, under the name of *velocifère*, did not appear until 1836; a Brussels where, on the 5th of May, 1853, the English Stephenson, inventor of the British steam-engine, came to start a train of *berlins*,* diligences, cars, and wagons, forcing a smoking passage through crowds of people rushing to see the strange sight; a Brussels from which started, twice a week, a carriage which made the journey from that town *viá* Mons to Valenciennes in thirty-six hours; lastly, a Brussels where the political manœuvres of a reign, which opened with noble traditions and brilliant prospects, admitted to the ranks of the aristocracy many low-born but ardent supporters of the young monarchy.†

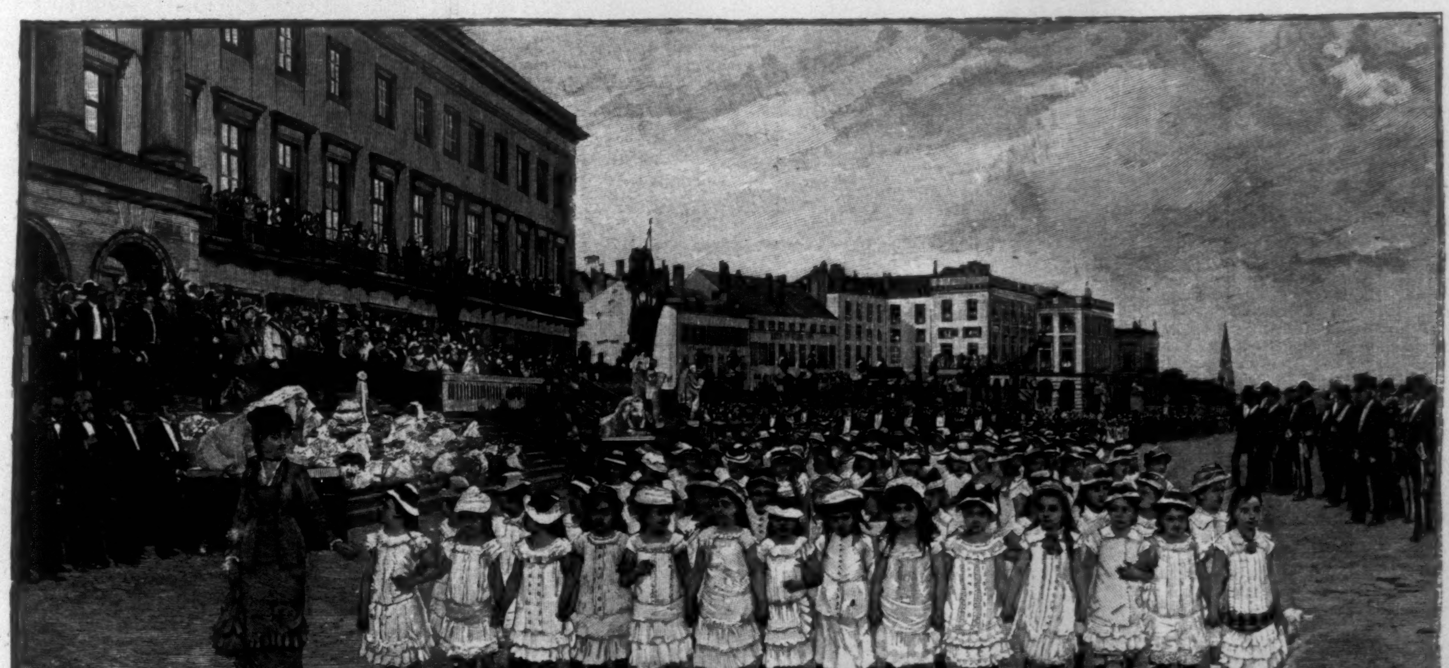


SOLDIERS OF A REGIMENT OF THE LINE.

The hastily constituted court of Leopold I., recruited as it was from amongst merchants and masters of finance, was not at first characterized by the severe etiquette which was later enforced by the Belgian Nestor. The hatred between the old noblesse and the democracy was inveterate, and it was necessary to conciliate the ambitions and predilections of both



THE PLACE DE L'HÔTEL DE VILLE.



THE MARCH PAST OF THE SCHOOLS.

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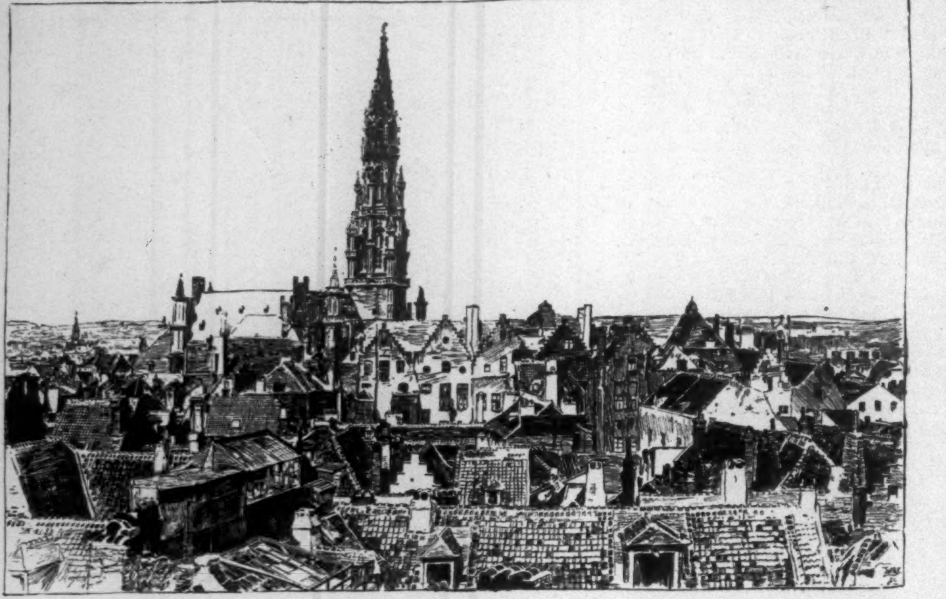
* An old-fashioned four-wheeled carriage, named after the town of Berlin, where it was invented.—Trans.

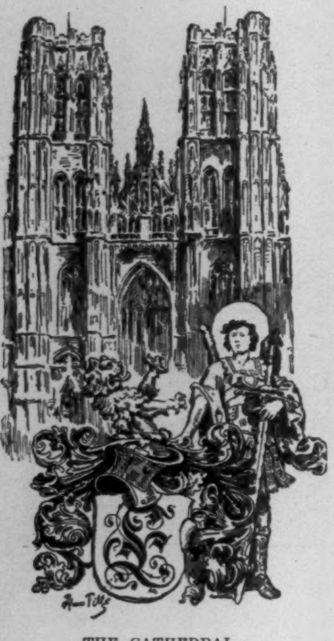
† The translator has toned down a little, as repugnant to English feeling, the asperities of this reference to the great political struggle which took place between 1830 and 1838, when the Belgian monarchy became separated from that of Holland, and the people of Belgium won for themselves, with a moderation that cannot be too highly praised, a constitutional form of government, resulting in liberty of the press, of religion, and of education. A revolution, in which the democracy itself suppressed the first signs of anarchy, was succeeded by years of quiet and unostentatious progress; scarcely checked even during the upheaval in France when the Republic was proclaimed.



ROOFS OF OLD BRUSSELS.

parties. This court was one of gilding and of plumes, of tinsel and embroidery, where plebeian dames blazed resplendent with jewels, and every one was decked with gold from head to foot; where tradesmen jostled civic guards in the anterooms of officials, and newly created nobles gathered in the presence-chamber. There was something quaint, almost comic, in the position of the newly elected monarch, whose difficult task it was to pilot with tact and dignity the ship of the young constitution through the political storm.

On looking out of the window of his palace the first thing to meet the eyes of Leopold I. was the Tree of Liberty, which increased in growth with every spring. Standing alone in the midst of the paving-stones used to make the barricades of 1830, this tree seemed like an advanced sentinel of the neighboring park, a popular gendarme, a guardian of the rights of the nation at the very door of the residence of the king Old age and death at last relieved it of its task. But at the time of which we are writing it was still in its prime, and at every returning spring the good citizens of Brussels loved to climb the heights of the *Montagne de la Cour*, and to gaze at the fresh shoots of the old tree as they hummed a couplet of the old Brabantine song, *Sous l'arbre de Liberté*. In this tree and the park they had a historic monument of the most recent chapter of their country's experience. Scarcely dry, indeed, was the blood of the Dutch who had fallen beneath the luxuriant trees of the park, shot down by the mitrailleuses from the windows of the *Rue Royale*.



THE CATHEDRAL.

In this connection the account should be read of the so-called four *Glorieuses* if one would understand the people of Brabant revelling in their revolution as if it were a mere fair, shooting down their enemies between draughts from their hogsheads of beer, with an air alike heroic and jovial, noble and merry. This extraordinary spirit, this truculent bravado, this proud boasting of contempt for tyranny, this superb good-humor, this blustering love of battle, this passionate, almost insolent, worship of freedom, this jealous love, ready to die gayly in defence of popular privileges, was the modern expression of the spirit of ancestors who, like the members of the French Fronde, leagued themselves together against masters who attempted to infringe their liberties. One brave fellow alone—called La Jambe de Bois, on account of his wooden leg—with a single cannon pointed on the Place Royale, kept back the advance of the enemy. In some streets where an attempt at a cavalry charge was made, every house was converted into a fort, women flinging down an avalanche of kitchen utensils, stoves, tables, etc., tearing out bricks to dash them on to horses and knights, who, shattered, wounded, scalded, and decimated, turned bridle and fled. Boys, young men and old, went to their death as to a play; and at last, at the end of four days of powder, struggle, and fever, the Constitutional Government was formed, Nassau packed up his baggage, and the people of Belgium looked about for a king. Leopold of Coburg arrived, his portmanteau in his hand—that traditional portmanteau which he offered to fasten up again when a seditious mob was howling in front of his palace.*

Brussels yearly celebrated the heroes of this time for more than half a century. The great struggle took place in September, and for four days in that month salvoes of artillery were fired the first thing in the morning in commemoration of the great event. The survivors of the brothers in arms buried in the vaults of the little mortuary of the Béguine chapel on the Place des Martyres were escorted there and to the cathedral—poor mutilated old men, for whom, alas! no Hôtel des Invalides had provided an honorable refuge for their declining years. The streets were draped in flags; there was dancing in front of the Hôtel de Ville; guilds, clubs, and other associations unfurled their banners and marched through the town to the sound of music. There was a general holiday. It was the great national fair, when all manner of pranks were played and beer flowed like water, when feasts degenerated into debauches, bands played in every square, and rival processions met at every corner. Gradually, however, as years rolled by, the fêtes were discontinued, and now all the feasting and revelry is concentrated into the one month of July, when the Great Kirmess or Church Fair of Brussels is held.

Meanwhile the capital was growing, but the population was gradually broken up into sets. Petty traders—such as grocers, who, from father to son, sold treacle and candles; primitive shopkeepers, who measured out cord by the ell and weighed out nails in scales on counters behind narrow windows with green glass admitting the daylight jealously—still frequented old inns with rows of oaken tables shaded by smoke-dried olive-trees; the old, well-fed, well-to-do bourgeoisie absorbed in business still congregated in the parishes of Notre Dame de Bon Secours, St. Nicholas, Riches-Claires, Notre Dame de la Chapelle, and the Béguinage; whilst clerks and others with small fixed incomes climbed the hills and became dispersed in the suburbs and green outlying districts. With the new reign, too, a third element was developed, financiers, wealthy tradesmen, and the nobility, all gathering about the Royal Palace, the Legislative Chambers, and the houses of the ministers and ambassadors.

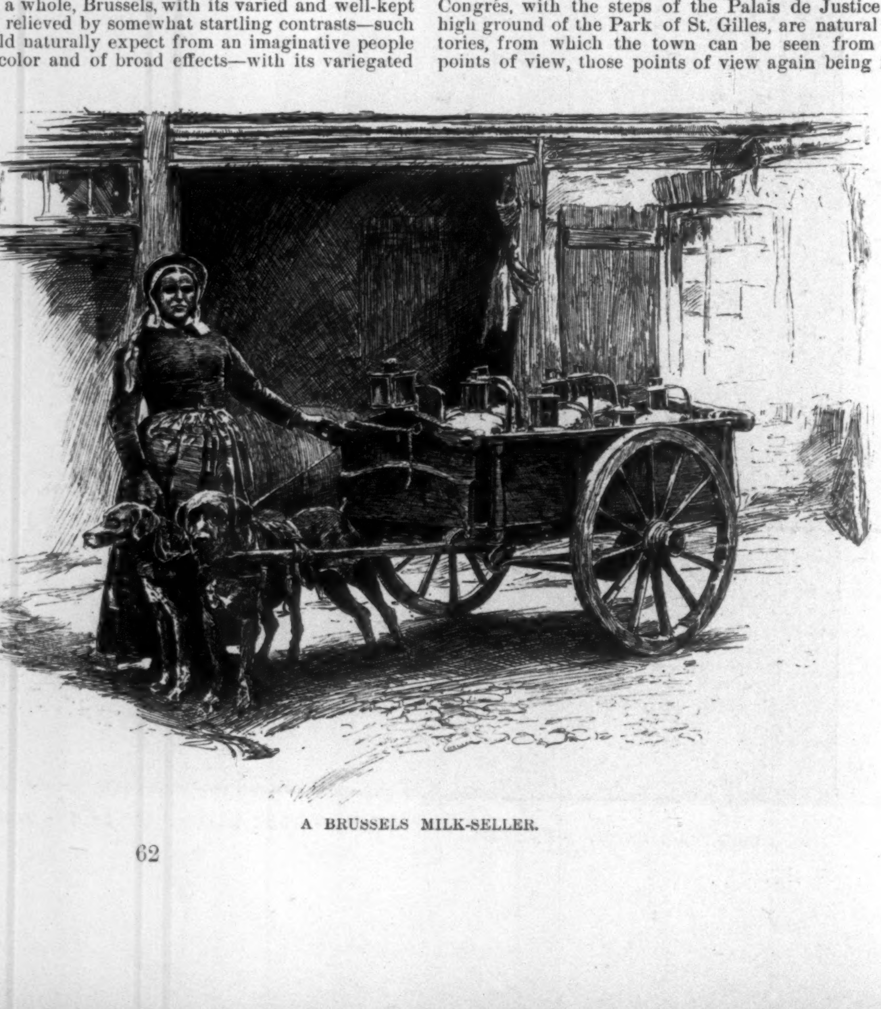
On Sundays whole families went forth to watch the progress of the laying out of sandy esplanades on the east of the town, where were being set up on piles stately patrician-looking houses adorned with sculptured foliage and wreaths. This modern work, often of very ambiguous style, which seemed to hurl defiance at the old-fashioned gables and rows of houses in the ancient part of the town, was alike astounding and bewildering. It served, however, as a kind of introduction to the wild vagaries of the Haussmann period; the medley of styles which inaugurated that modern architecture, the decoration of which is like nothing so much as the masterpieces of the pastry-cook.

Whole districts, from Bon Secours to St. Grévy, fell beneath the pick of the destroyer; gaping wounds were made in the very heart of old Brussels, which, tottering, trembling, gasping for breath, was for some time but a waste of ruins. Then a breach was made in another quarter, that of Notre Dame aux Neiges, which in its turn was levelled with the ground. A brutal surgery, imbued, as it were, with a kind of murderous fury, pierced the very arteries of the town, cut away the gangrened flesh, laying bare the very bones of the historic skeleton, converting the district into a sort of slaughter-house strewn with the limbs of dismembered houses, and with the broken decorations which had once been their pride; whilst in place of these houses, on sites which had been properly levelled, with parallel streets and avenues, rose up rows of houses of a wonderful variety of appearance; some with Gothic, others with Renaissance roofs, a hotchpotch of Italian, French, and Flemish details, a fricassee of all the hackneyed vagaries of every school. Hotels, private houses, offices, banks, theatres, cafés, and shops with huge glass windows; arcades and squares succeeding each other with marvellous rapidity, till at last the Brussels of to-day was finally evolved.

Taken as a whole, Brussels, with its varied and well-kept decorations relieved by somewhat startling contrasts—such as one would naturally expect from an imaginative people so fond of color and of broad effects—with its variegated houses, pink bricks, blue mouldings, festooned balconies, adorned with embossments, brackets, caryatides, glazed tiles shining like looking-glasses; with the fresh air and cool shade of its tree-planted boulevards and of its wide main thoroughfares; with its green park adorned with fountains, statues, and groups by Grupello set about amongst its prim groves of equidistant trees; with its woods and lakes, its landscape gardens, which are the very lungs of its suburbs, its grand avenue leading to the Bois de la Cambre, with its shady countrylike walks, its streams, and its deceptive background of apparent forest; with the lofty dome and propylæa of the almost Babylonian Palais de Justice, and beyond the net-work of old streets still remaining; the soaring of the miraculously beautiful spire of the Hôtel de Ville, the marvellous gables carved into the semblance of rostra or beaks of vessels of the ancient Hôtel des Serments. Brussels is a picturesque and fascinating capital where people of means, whether small or large, may live comfortably, neither too noisy nor too monotonous, retaining its quiet béguinage corners amongst all the uproar of its chief thoroughfares; a town suited alike to dreamers, to those weary of the tumult of modern civilization, to dyspeptics seeking pure air and unadulterated food, or to those who crave for a secluded retreat away from the din of traffic.

In spite of the gaps in the old buildings, a very good general notion may still be obtained from certain elevated points of what Brussels was before its mutilation. Climb, for instance, into the tower of the old Museum of Painting, and look down upon the closely packed blocks of houses, overlapping each other at various levels, with pink, orange-red, and blood-red roofs, checkered with irregular moss-grown tiles; a medley of chimneys and gables, of uneven strips of river beach strewn with nondescript rubbish, and with a background of undefined projecting angles standing out against the shrouded horizon, the whole canopied by a cloudy northern sky, towards which are ever-rising opalescent mists and pale humid effluent vapors. First we see a foreground of courts and gardens, of belfries flecked with houseleeks and wall-flowers, of needy homes from which issue the sounds of sewing-machines or the click click of bobbins beneath the fingers of the skilful lace-maker. Beyond the immediate foreground the houses become mixed confusedly together, they are yet more closely packed, and from them rises a yet greater medley of cones, gable-points, skylights, dormer-windows, and remains of turrets. Seen through the smoke, the fumes of gas, and the palpitating breath of the thousands in this human hive, Brussels resembles a whirligig in the neck of a bottle, or a tumultuous eddy twirling ever more and more rapidly round as the bottom of the gulf is neared; and, as a matter of fact, the effects of perspective are grander than ever about the Hôtel de Ville, from which looms out the exquisitely graceful spire surmounted by the gilded bronze figure of St. Michael, whose sword is raised to heaven, and gleams golden in the sunshine. And amongst the other closely packed buildings, with the apses, domes, square towers, and pointed belfries of churches rising with comparative heaviness here and there, we make out the Gothic pillars of the Cathedral, the low outlines of Notre Dame du Sablon, the buttresses of the Chapelle, with the outlines of the churches of the Minim Friars, St. Catherine and St. Joseph, etc. In the distance, through a veil of smoke and soot, can be seen the chimneys of the factories of Anderlecht, St. Gilles, and Molenbeek-Saint-Jean set in a gleaming frame-work of undulating country, with fields of pale-colored cereals, purple lucerne, and saffron-hued colza.

Here and there, too, open vistas of luminous horizons. The terrace of the Botanical Gardens and the Place du Congrés, with the steps of the Palais de Justice and the high ground of the Park of St. Gilles, are natural observatories, from which the town can be seen from different points of view, those points of view again being infinitely



A BRUSSELS MILK-SELLER.

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* This refers to Leopold's offer to abdicate if the nation wished it when Louis Philippe resigned his throne. The offer was refused by the whole nation, and the Belgian monarchy became more firmly established than ever.—TRANS.

varied according to the position of the observer. From the heights of St. Gilles—with the checkered mass of houses on the right, and beyond them the cupola of the Palais de Justice standing clearly out against the sky—you obtain a grand outlook on to stretches of open meadow-lands intersected by hills and lined with rows of poplars, above which floats the smoke of passing trains; whilst here and there are the dark-looking buildings of factories and mills, the advance-guard of the suburbs in districts still thoroughly agrarian.

From the upper town the lower is reached by steep breakneck thoroughfares which are dreadfully trying for horses. In this rough-and-ready topography some houses seem to go tumbling down hill in a helter-skelter manner, whilst others climb up in a similar style. The escarpment, for such it is, along which are echeloned the shops of the Montagne de la Cour, is connected by steep alleys like broken-down staircases, with the lower passages skirting the sides of the Butte, or, to be more precise, the archaic Rue Terarken, which is, so to speak, almost strangled between lofty gables and projecting façades. A whole quarter of the town is buried here in a hollow, in perpetual shade between moss-grown walls, and in a kind of twilight of decrepitude, suited only to the silent meditations of ecclesiastics, or the closing days of a long life, whilst just above it surges all the busy traffic of a crowded city.

This steep, tortuous Montagne de la Cour, with its broken pavement, its abrupt turns, its many cross-roads and alleys, narrowing here, widening out there, to narrow again a little further on, is the main thoroughfare of the city, and leads to the centres of commerce and of trade. It is a regular Kalverstraat, only longer and more tortuous than that of Amsterdam, through which flows an incessant traffic, the fashionable world, the women chiefly, gathering about the windows of the shops. On Thursday especially the narrow street becomes the rendezvous of idlers, mothers leading in tow a whole troop of eligible daughters. There is bowing and hand-shaking and taking off of hats. Substantial-looking matrons decked out like shrines and gleaming like reliquaries sweep along in velvet and satin in the style of the beauties of the canvases of Rubens. Marvellously and ridiculously dressed young dandies in close-fitting trousers, loose sack-coats, and shoes of the shape of an ace of clubs, walking like ducks, their elbows stuck out and toes turned in—stiff, starched, mechanical-looking figures with a *blasé* expression in their faces, resembling badly oiled creaking automata. The slow, dignified pacing of correctly got up old gentlemen, wearing coats of English cut, and with that quiet solemn manner characteristic of well-educated men of the north of Europe, is succeeded by the tripping past of a troop of flounced and furbelowed young ladies with rounded figures, who are already women at fifteen years old. Then come, perhaps, a lot of errand-boys rollicking along, with faces full of fun and mischief, and heads well in the air. Close on their heels are countrymen with heavy tread in rustic clothes, whilst behind them again are officers looking as if they came out of bandboxes, so spick and span is their get-up, and so stiffly, as if on parade, do they hold themselves in their gleaming accoutrements. And last, not least, the Brabantine women *par excellence*, fresh-colored and plump, with straight shoulders and supple limbs, the result of vigorous health—hopeful augury for the well-being of future generations.

Towards five o'clock in the afternoon a closely packed crowd defiles, in accordance with time-honored tradition, past the shops of the Montagne de la Cour, the Rue de la Madeleine, and the Poultry Market, fluctuating between the Place Royale and the new boulevards, and now and then surging through the galleries of St. Hubert, usually sacred to people of modest incomes, clerks, old pensioners, etc. In the summer the promenade is generally preceded by a visit to the park, a saunter in the avenues, or a rest on the chairs, the toilettes of the women vying in brilliancy with the flower beds, whilst from some parlor near comes the music of a band performing the works of Flotow, Meyerbeer, or Donizetti. All this makes up a somewhat monotonous and spiritless life ruled by invariable custom. On Sundays the bourgeoisie take their meals with their families in the open air outside the cafés, going to eat honeycomb in the arbors of Laeken, or fried fish in the tea-gardens of Anderlecht, varying the programme sometimes by sitting on the grass under the trees, or even now and then venturing on a picnic as far away as Boitsfort or Groenendael.

Any suburban fair is sure to draw a crowd of admiring visitors, who are never weary of gazing at the feats of acrobats, tournaments, peddlers' wares, etc., and of regaling themselves with spicy cakes, greasy omelets, and great bumpers of Diest or Louvain beer. The saturnalia of fêtes opens in early spring with the Kirmess of Diegen, and closes with the autumnal Ducasse de la Hulpe. The former is famed for its mountebanks, shooting-galleries, panopticons, human and animal monstrosities, somnambulists, booths full of curiosities, etc. The interval between these two chief fairs is filled up by a long series of Sunday fêtes, with music, dancing, and merrymaking, now in the woods, now in the meadows, now near one, now near another village. To these must be added the minor fairs of the suburbs, which again are subdivided into great fêtes and small fêtes, and the district fêtes, or *fêtes des quartiers*, the people seeming to be never surfeited with noise, frolic, and revelry. In fact, in all the ancient quarters the name day is observed as a holiday, and there are the kirmesses of Notre Dame au Rouge, of St. Laurent, of the Minim friars, and of the Roches Claires. Even outside these main districts there are little streets, courts, and blind alleys, each with its own poor little image to honor, its own humble Madonna in her shrine to deck with flowers and present with tapers. Ragged flags, green garlands, transparencies, Venetian lanterns, etc., are hung out from the crumbling old tenements, and the miserable tenants make merry, forgetting their poverty for a few brief hours of enjoyment. The ingenious decorations have been paid for by little savings of a sou at a time scraped together out of the hard-earned pittances, and every one gives either a coin or his time, the fun lasting till past midnight, the people tramping merrily to and fro to the chinking of glasses, oblivious of the inevitable famine in store for them on the morrow.

Those who have not assisted at one of these popular fêtes, or who have not been present at one of the chief kirmesses of Brussels, know nothing of the passion of the people for drinking bouts, wedding feasts, and festivities of all kinds. There are certain ancient traditions about games and prize competitions which must not be passed over. For instance, a five-franc piece must be picked out of a bowl of syrup with the teeth, eggs suspended on a string must be taken down, with the eyes bandaged, with the help of a stick, the breaking of the eggs splashing everything and everybody near with their contents; there are races in sacks, and eager competitors for prizes climb up greasy poles, or creep along soapy bowsprits to plunge from them into deep water. Processions are organized, circus riders and conjurers exhibit their prowess, and there are shooting matches with the bow and the crossbow, games at quoits and skittles, buffoonery matches, and dancing in the open air.

When these fêtes are over, the flags furled, and the illuminations put out, an excuse is found for further revelry to celebrate the jubilee of some old married couple, or to serenade the winners of prizes to the light of flaming torches. All work is stopped on pretext of some unimportant anniversary, such as that known as *Verlorene maandag* (lost Monday), and pilgrimages are made to Notre Dame de Hal, whence the pilgrims return reeling along, blowing on harsh-sounding wooden trumpets; or again crowds flock forth together to the fairs of the neighboring villages and towns. On the occasion of the fair at Louvain, for instance, the fishwives, young and old, of the Rue Haute quarter, the sellers of oranges and apples, with little flat curls gummed on their foreheads and looking like commas, with pink stockings showing beneath their ample petticoats, with the venders of *crabben en mastellen*, circulate amongst the tables of the inns, their baskets on their arms, whilst the factory girls, redolent of machine-oil, flaunt in finery hired for the occasion; the whole incongruous crowd, shouting, laughing, singing, and chaffing, troop along towards the tea-gardens, where they sell the loads of goods which have been prematurely deteriorated in transit. By the time Louvain is reached all the finery is crushed and spoiled, the merrymakers have already had too much to eat and drink, but they go on gorging themselves throughout the day, and return in the evening completely satiated and worn out.

In every rank of life in Brussels we find the same love of association—of doing everything in crowds. When five people have got into the way of drinking their glass of wine or beer at the same time, they feel ripe to become a society, draw up a code of rules, and adopt a banner of their own. There are as many Brussels societies, or *chochetés*, as they are locally called, as there are industries, trades, costumes, and entertainments. Besides the guilds, the historical corporations, the shooting and fishing societies, the skittle, quoit, tennis, and hockey societies, there are fraternities of handicraftsmen, saving and benefit workmen's clubs, sporting and entertainment societies, debating-rooms, choral societies, societies of professional wits, dining societies, and endless ramifications of groups and bodies of men realizing the national motto, *L'Union fait la force.* I assure you there is even a society of *Chasseurs de Hannetons*, who march in military style in companies, shouldering their guns and wearing helmets and gaiters like those of infantry soldiers. Two drummers and a standard-bearer lead the way down the street, and the members of this quaint society, most of them stout, well-grown fellows, march along with all the solemnity of members of the terrible *Wehmgericht* endued with occult powers. On the death of one of the brotherhood the body is escorted to the grave to the sound of martial music and muffled drums. There is no artisan so humble but what his bier is followed by a brass band. Later come processions in which the cross is borne aloft. Almost every day the quiet of the suburbs is disturbed by the sound of funereal music, to the accompaniment of which huge crosses, the symbols of inconsolable grief, are carried with lowered crest to the cemetery by four of the members of the society to which the deceased belonged, the rest of the fraternity following in solemn procession, carrying arms as tokens of mourning. These men feel that, federated beneath their flag, each one is some one. Slowly and solemnly the *cortége* files along the streets and out into the country, arriving at last at the entrance to the cemetery. The mortuary emblem deposited at last, the mourners turn back, and at a double-quick pace make their way to a wine shop and console themselves with copious draughts of beer or wine.

The Brussels wine shop is an institution of itself. With the qualified Electorate which predominates in Belgium it is the focus of the political organism. Mine host, plump, spruce, and unctuous, presiding over his beer-taps, is an important factor in the working of the machine. Standing behind the gleaming pewter pots, he controls the consumption of liquor with the air of a benevolent master; unbending but rarely, he maintains the correct deportment of an officer intrusted with the control of a system of irrigation. The establishment ruled by him varies according to circumstances: in the modern quarters of the town, for instance, the wine shop has been modified, and somewhat resembles the German tavern, with its looking-glasses, gilding, and mouldings; but in the lower town the old hieratic wine shop is retained with all its original peculiarities. As if to mark its superiority, the primordial cabaret is generally found close to municipal buildings, beneath the shadow of the spire of the church dedicated to St. Michael, the patron of Brussels, for instance, or round about the approaches to the Hôtel de Ville, and in the lanes and alleys radiating from them, and tenanted mainly by natives of the soil.

In the Brussels cabaret *par excellence* no gaudy decorations distract the attention from the important function going on around its massive oak tables. A dim religious light filters through the coarse glazed windows, faintly illuminating the plain walls, and mysteriously indicating an ancient clock ticking in its case in one corner. With their feet upon sanded flag-stones, a crowd of tipplers drink sour *faro* and *lambic*, smoke, and discuss politics. There is a droning buzzing in the heavy atmosphere, reeking as it is with tobacco and the fumes of drink, which predisposes to the semi-somnolent condition, in which the beer absorbed will work with the greatest efficacy. In houses of good repute no uproar is tolerated, but fermentation goes on in a subdued and peaceful manner. Such quiet sanctuaries are frequented by bourgeois clients who are averse to noise, and allow no singing or swearing. Any one infringing these rules is at once turned out. Even when the gas is lighted the room is still in semi-obscurity, for the jets are only half turned on, a subdued *chiar-oscuro* being considered desirable for keeping the mind in harmony with its surroundings. Now and then the door opens to admit some good simple old souls in jackets, frilled caps, and white aprons, all scrupulously clean, pushing before them baskets laden with eggs, crabs, prawns, etc., which they gently press upon the company as desirable additions to the refreshments they are taking. Sometimes, too, an old fellow, with white hair and tottering steps, sent out by one of the hospitals of the town, gets up from the table where he has consumed the two cutlets allowed him by the owner of the house, and goes round to collect contributions for his place of refuge, holding out a wooden bowl with his shaking hand.

This, to those at least of the generation now about to pass away, was an essential feature of Brussels life. Important personages, such as burgomasters or ministers of the King, have been known to frequent their own particular cook shop with the regularity of petty dealers enriched by trade, and who did not think it beneath them, after dining at the Palace, to sit down opposite to a glass of foaming *lambic.* This was the time of small houses, savory and juicy cook shops, which sprang up like mushrooms near the gardens of the Hôtel de Ville, amongst the medley of gables which darkened the still remaining but crumbling façades of the Broodhuys now restored. Here, on the stoves of the little cook shops, were turned out *menus* worthy of kitchens of Pantagruelic size.* Gourmands came to these little inns to glut themselves with crisp slices of grilled beef, served in tin dishes on a checked cloth by girls with bare arms—brisk *mesjes* in frilled jackets, and with little caps stuck at the back of their heads. The master of the eating-house never failed, towards the end of the meal, to come forward, and resting his open palms upon the table, ask if you had enjoyed your food. Alas! this simple honest fellow has now been replaced by a sullen-looking waiter, with a face almost hidden by whiskers, and the checked table-cloth is represented by cheap damask, set out with damaged electro-plated spoons and forks, to give something of the appearance of a second-rate *table d'hôte.* The raised tariff now secures a select set of clients, who are always sure of a good brand of wine and fresh fish.

Brussels, though it has lost its Quartier des Marollés, with its crowded tumble-down buildings, its wretched hovels splashed with dirt, in which congregated beggars, wandering minstrels, and vagabonds with wooden legs and wounds of every description, has yet retained its so-called *Mannekenpiss*, who may be considered the most ancient denizen of Brussels. This Mannekenpiss is a little nude male figure, crouching down and flinging a thin stream of water into a basin at a street corner behind an ironmonger's shop. A popular idol, this brazen-faced little fetich has his valet, who on fête days decks him out, now in clothes fit for a marquis, now in the uniform of the National Guard. Then sometimes the water is changed to beer or wine, with which the people refresh themselves largely, and which flows on to the pavement in a pale purple stream.

Another relic of old Brussels is a group of six basket-work giants, representing three generations—the grandfather and grandmother, Janneke, Mieke, and Claeske their child, with the addition of an enigmatical Turk in a turban. The performances of these ridiculous puppets in their bundles of rags, beneath which is hidden the clumsy machinery working them, are watched with as much eager interest by the people as if they were the good geniuses of the city. The solemn-looking Hôtel de Ville shelters them in one of its rooms, and on fête days they have an escort in plumed shakos. They are fitting companions for the other huge monstrosities of Belgium, such as the Antigones of Antwerp and the Goliaths of Ath-Nieuport and Valenciennes, which are found scattered about the country as far as French Flanders.

Not very long ago, on the occasion of some historical anniversary, a whole troop of these anachronisms was promenaded through Brussels. Some huge figures, poised at a giddy height on great old-fashioned cars, to which they were fastened with rusty iron bars, looked like the idols of a by-gone time, once held in supreme awe—an awe represented by their escort of dragoons and their accompaniment of grotesque figures on foot and on horseback. Wild beasts, too, formed part of the heterogeneous show, and the whole scene recalled the ridiculous merrymakings of the court of Philippe le Bon.

Every public ceremonial, moreover, is concluded in Brussels by heraldic processions, the marching past of militia, and the representation of historic scenes. No other people are so fond as the Belgians of the revival of days long gone by. This atavism, if we may so call it, is perennially manifested in the passion for the erection of porticos and colonnades, or, indeed, of whole buildings, in one or more of the old styles, and in the invention of chimerical designs for banners. But the Belgians as a nation are fond of ornament, and delight in the color and show of brilliant parades—in a word, in all that can call up in the actual present the glories of what they look upon as their past millennium.

But the Brussels type of character is gradually becoming modified, and the members of the young rising generation are more serious than their parents; their brains are more active, they mature earlier than their ancestors did, and are impatient of the senseless merrymaking of the past.

The men of action of 1830, the well-fed sturdy artisans of the time of the making of the Constitution, are replaced by a generation out of conceit with civic traditions, a generation of thinkers and dreamers, who are not content with the gratification of merely material necessities. The efforts of these men have unexpectedly resulted in the springing up, in what would naturally have been considered the hostile soil of Belgium, of a literature of prose and poetry worthy to rank with that of France. Baudelaire, bitter author of a bitter pamphlet, a man soured by exile in a gloomy country, which he characterized as without horizons, a man of noble birth, with shattered nerves, condemned to residence amongst homely burghers, would still find much to condemn in the "general and complete absence of intelligence, the general hatred of literature, and the spirit of conformity," the people taking their very amusements in sets only, but he would spare those of his followers who refused to think with the majority, and rebelled against anything like mob rule.

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* Pantagruel, the hero of one of Rabelais's romances, was a man of gigantic stature, under whose tongue an army could take shelter, and who was able to swallow whole cities.—TRANS.

NOTE.—The previous papers of this series, entitled "Capitals of the World," were published in HARPER'S WEEKLY as follows:

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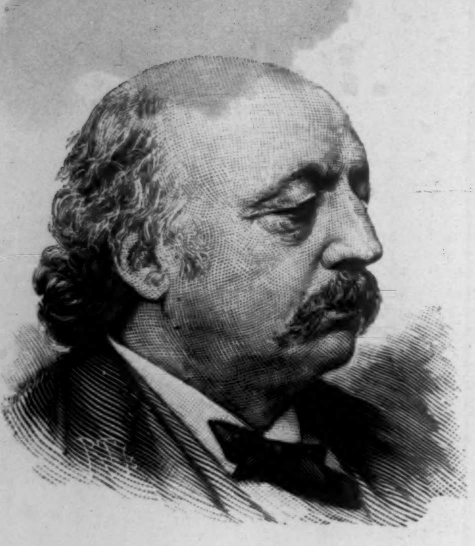


MAJOR-GENERAL BENJAMIN F. BUTLER.

GENERAL B. F. BUTLER.

None who saw the last grand review of the soldiers of the rebellion when the veterans, 70,000 strong, marched up Pennsylvania Avenue, in Washington, all through one fair September day of 1892, will forget the scene when General B. F. Butler drove past the ranks of the Department of Massachusetts.

The General had been driven in the parade behind the standard of his home Post of Lowell, Massachusetts. He had received the meed of cheers awarded to all the generals —Howard and Sickles and Wright and Franklin and Hayes and Miles, and a host of others of lesser note. Somewhere above the White House reviewing-stand his carriage, for some reason—the General's fatigue, perhaps, for he was then seventy-four years old—had turned back, and slowly retracing its way along the Massachusetts line, halted at the moment at parade rest.

Then the men, who as boys had gone to war with perhaps more of the old Roundhead spirit than any other men who went, leaned with their right hands on their bamboo canes or the staves of their battered battle-flags, and waved their slouch-hats and blue flannel képis in their left hands. A crackle of soldiers' cheers followed the bald old man's carriage-wheels from front to rear of the great Massachusetts column of 8000 American veterans, and as it went it stirred men's pulses as a battle-picture like "Scotland Forever," with the Greys in full battle-cry, stirs them.

It was the climax of Butler's career, and it was a fitting climax. Not that he was a great or even a good soldier. Grant's amused and amusing message, "Butler is bottled up at Bermuda Hundred," bespeaks the attitude of the professional soldier towards the political soldier of the Butler class. But that he was of the highest type of the political soldier, with all the merits and most of the demerits of the class, calls our attention to the value of the type in its time. It was the Grants, the Shermans, the Sheridans, the Meades, the Thomases, who led the bayonets to victory. But it was the Butlers, the Logans, the Sickleses, and their kind who made the bayonets out of the ballots. Butler was by far the ablest of the lot who leaped from the stump to the saddle, and the number of men who followed him personally to the field was probably larger than that influenced by any one other general. It was this feeling of loyalty to a leader of thought rather than to a successful military chieftain that brought forth these cheers, and made them significant with an intensely American significance. It is certain that a finished professional soldier like Warren or Rawlins or Hunt would not have been the object of one-tenth of the enthusiasm inspired by the man whose military career from his application of the term "contraband" to the race whose latest title is Afro-Americans down had always an element of the burlesque about it.

In any environment other than that of the almost fanatically liberty-loving atmosphere of New England, Butler's tendency to eccentricity might have led him wrong, and wasted the whole of the strong personality whose remnants in his later years he frittered away in political fads and personal squabbles. But he was born in New Hampshire (Deerfield, November 5, 1818), educated in Maine (Waterville College, class of '38), and lived his early manhood in Massachusetts, having been admitted to the bar at Lowell in 1841. Elected to the State House of Representatives in 1853, to the State Senate in 1859, and to the Democratic National Convention at Charleston in 1860. With this birth and breeding it was impossible for a man of his out-of-doors temperament not to inhale the sentiment of hatred to human slavery with which the air about him was saturated. So, when his motion that the party go no further in the *quem deus vult perdere* line than a reaffirmation of the platform of 1856, he withdrew to the Rump Convention at Baltimore, and there finding the same maniacal counsels prevailing, withdrew again, "upon the ground that I would not sit in a convention where the African slave trade, which is piracy by the laws of my country, is approvingly advocated."

Still, he remained with his party, and led it to political defeat as its candidate for Governor in the same heroic year of 1860. John A. Andrew, the famed "War Governor" of the Bay State, was his successful opponent. Then came the time when the story was told, which may or not be true, of "Where are you going, Butler?" "To h—l if Governor Andrew wants me to."

Sumter was fired on, troops called for, and Brigadier-General B. F. Butler, of the Massachusetts militia, marching with his men to the relief of the national capital, found—such was the furore that his action had aroused—loyal Philadelphia pretty nearly as difficult to get through as rebel Baltimore. It was a picturesque and thoroughly Butlerian spectacle this entrance upon the field of war of the defeated Democratic candidate with the successful Republican candidate's commission in his pocket. If it had been followed by military success, it would have been splendid.

But military success was not for him or any other political soldier, in the earlier years of the war at least, though some of them in the West developed something of the skill in the tented that they had shown in the political field. He made a creditable showing, it is true, capturing Forts Hatteras and Clark in August, 1861, in the Roanoke expedition, and occupying New Orleans after Farragut had reduced it on the following 1st of May. Here his strong administrative ability came into play, and he gave the slovenly Queen of the Gulf such a house-cleaning as she never knew before nor has known since.

Savage abuse from that quarter followed him ever after, though never to his personal discomfort nor to the impairment of his reputation. Overheated partisans sought to arraign the behavior of the Northern soldiery (whose attitude in such relations is best exemplified in the old war story—"Darn your honor! What we want is buttermilk") to have been that of a horde of Turks or Tartars in a captured Christian city.

An order of General Butler's for the restraint of dames and damsels who made a practice of spitting and spilling unpleasant substances upon Federal soldiers was sought to be twisted into a license for rapine. The order read, in effect, "Women acting like improper characters shall be treated as such"—*i.e.*, shall be arrested and locked up. On this ludicrous basis the fiery Southern imagination thought to picture before an affrighted world a taking of Ismail in the occupation of New Orleans. The world refused to be affrighted, and a general guffaw at "Beast" Butler's struggles with his refractory charges, whose mildest complaint was that he stole spoons, was the result. The single serious reflection that comes from a contemplation of the government of New Orleans at and since that time is that if General Butler had remained Governor from that day to this, New Orleans would have had no yellow fever, no White League riots, no Mafia assassinations and lynchings, and no eminence as the one great American city which welcomes the prize-fighter, driven from every other even decently ordered municipality in the land. Dirt, disease, and disorder could not thrive in the same latitude with the "Beast."

No other military eminence, save as Military Governor, awaited him. Made commander in 1863 and 1864 of the Army of the James, he failed in attempts to take Petersburg and Fort Fisher, those fortresses where stubbornness of defence and stupidity of attack cost the Northern armies at one time and another a number of lives so disproportionate to their military strength. His military career ended in that humorous comment of Grant's, and he returned home with the reputation rather of a patriot than a soldier.

The next Congressional election, that of 1866, saw General Butler returned from the Lowell district. His prominence was immediate and great. He severed all his old party associations, and was one of the managers for the House in the impeachment of President Johnson. This was in 1868. From this time until the close of his Congressional career, at the conclusion of the session of 1878, he was always a leading, an interesting, and often a consciously amusing personality, but his name is not linked with any great legislation. He must, however, for his course throughout the reconstruction period, be accounted one of the strongest friends of the negro race according to the lights of the time.

At the time when his Congressional career closed, it looked to General Butler and a good many other people as if a new political era had opened. The long depression of five years, since the "panic" of 1873, had unsettled the minds of many men on economic and social questions. It was the time of the height of the "greenback craze." It was but a year after the great railroad strike and riots. Denis Kearney ruled the populace on the Pacific slope. The conservative State of Maine was about to fall into the hands of financial heretics. There was a movement and mustering of blind forces throughout the country. At this time General Butler, who had ceased to be a power in his party, who had been defeated for the nomination for the Governorship in the early '70's, who had been raced hard for his seat in the election of 1876, and was at odds with the national administration, evidently thought that "the hour" had come, and that he was "the man."

He announced that having once left the Democratic party because it sought to destroy the Union, he had now left the Republican party because it had abandoned its friend the working-man. If 20,000 of these abandoned friends should sign a request for his candidacy for the Governorship of Massachusetts, he would consider the request a mandate.

Then occurred one of those political phenomena not uncommon in this country, which seem at the time to portend so much, and a year later are found to have portended nothing. Not 20,000 but over 51,000 men signed their names to a request for General Butler's candidacy, and he ran for the office on a greenback, labor, and anti-monopoly platform which denounced most existing things, from the resumption act to the Associated Press. This last curious "plank" is an interesting evidence of the attempt to start a socialistic press in this country, and the attributing of the failure by its exploiters to a dearth of news, which they fancied was the property of the telegraph companies, and should be made free to all. General Butler was not elected Governor, but he destroyed for the time being the Democratic party in Massachusetts, he having 109,000 votes on his "National Democratic" ticket, to the "regular" nominee's 10,000. He ran again in 1879, and was finally elected in 1882, having by this time made the Democratic party accept him. Profiting by his "labor" following and personal popularity in a year of universal Republican defeat, he was elected when all of his "regular" associates on the ticket were beaten.

He made a good and vigorous Governor, striking at abuses wherever he found them, and bringing to light some gross mismanagement and worse in the case of paupers. But his incumbency was an anachronism. The feeling of unrest among the people, which had been the cause of his third political prominence, had died out. The wave which had lifted him so high upon the beach had sunk back to the ocean's level at low tide. It was to rise again surely—suppose General Butler had taken the Populist nomination in 1892 instead of the Greenback nomination in 1884?—but not in his time. So when, two years after his brilliant capture of the Massachusetts State-house, he went forth to try his strength among the people of the whole land, he received for President 133,000 out of over 10,000,000 votes—some 18,000 less than St. John, the Prohibitionist candidate.

This, though it was no measure of General Butler's popularity, his absurdly small showing being the result of the engrossing war of the two great parties over the issue of personal character between their candidates, closed his political career. He continued in the active practice of his profession almost until the last, and published his autobiography when he was seventy-two years old.

He was a highly successful, perhaps a great, lawyer, by the standard of to-day, a generous giver, a stout friend and bitter foe, a thriving manufacturer, and an enthusiastic yachtsman. A much hackneyed and misused expression fits him—"an extraordinarily able man."

A. E. Watrous.

THE TYROLESE NATIONAL PLAYS IN MERAN.

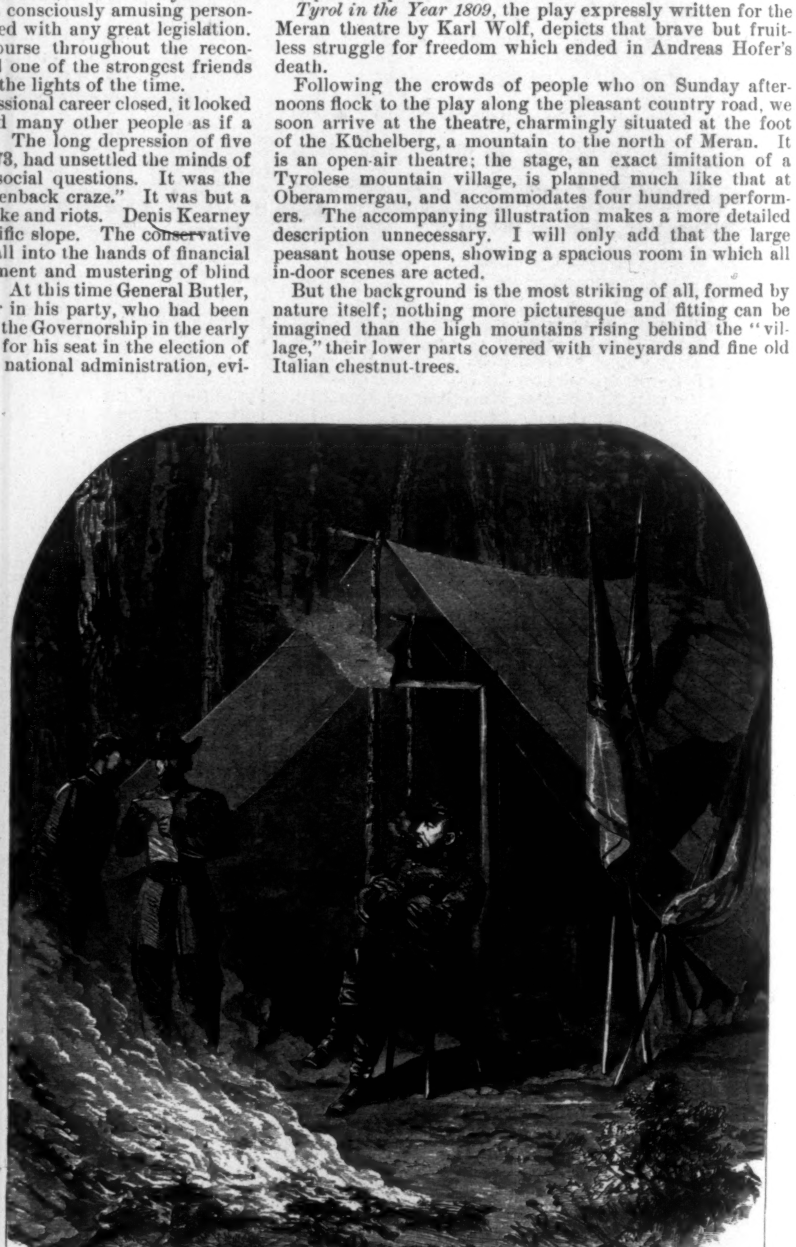
Although since the opening of the Tyrolese national theatre in Meran, September 5th, the principal German and Austrian papers have given full accounts of it, and hundreds of English and American tourists have visited the plays, nothing seems to be known of them in either England or the United States. Still, their success has been so great that in all probability no distant future will see them as well known as the Oberammergau Passion Play. Already this fall the demand for tickets was so large that sometimes hundreds of orders could not be filled.

Only inhabitants of Meran and the peasantry of this valley have been admitted as actors. They are mostly descendants of those hardy mountaineers of 1809, who, under their heroic leader, Andreas Hofer, vainly endeavored to shake off the Bavarian yoke; in many cases the grandson repeats the words and acts the deeds of his sire with the very arms and picturesque costume of the latter.

Tyrol in the Year 1809, the play expressly written for the Meran theatre by Karl Wolf, depicts that brave but fruitless struggle for freedom which ended in Andreas Hofer's death.

Following the crowds of people who on Sunday afternoons flock to the play along the pleasant country road, we soon arrive at the theatre, charmingly situated at the foot of the Küchelberg, a mountain to the north of Meran. It is an open-air theatre; the stage, an exact imitation of a Tyrolese mountain village, is planned much like that at Oberammergau, and accommodates four hundred performers. The accompanying illustration makes a more detailed description unnecessary. I will only add that the large peasant house opens, showing a spacious room in which all in-door scenes are acted.

But the background is the most striking of all, formed by nature itself; nothing more picturesque and fitting can be imagined than the high mountains rising behind the "village," their lower parts covered with vineyards and fine old Italian chestnut-trees.



MAJOR-GENERAL BUTLER AFTER THE BATTLE ON SPRING HILL OF NEW MARKET HEIGHTS, SEPTEMBER 29, 1864.—From Harper's Weekly, October 22, 1864.
Tent Decorated with Flags captured from the Enemy in Battle.

The opening scene—a market in a Tyrolese village—is made especially effective by the variety of old costumes, now long out of date, more fantastic and gay than those of the present day.

Of course Andreas Hofer is the principal rôle in the play. We see him at home in his "Sandwirtshaus" in the Passeier Valley, unfurling the old flag, and calling his countrymen to arms, "For God, emperor, and fatherland." We see him in Innsbruck, after the victorious campaign, surrounded by the jubilant Tyrolese.

After all this short-lived joy follows the sad end. Andreas Hofer is betrayed, taken prisoner, conducted to Meran; and then we behold him for the last time on his way to death in the fortress of Mantua.

"Hofer on his way to Meran" is especially effective. From the orchestra sounds, scarcely audible, a melancholy strain of music. Silence reigns over the village, the inhabitants of which begin to collect in groups about the streets. Sad are the women's faces, gloomy those of the men, and all gaze expectantly down the street. Now a body of men come in sight. A detachment of French soldiers, forty men strong, clad in exact imitation of the old historic uniform; in their midst Andreas Hofer and his family. Hofer's head is bowed, and his bearing denotes deep depression, but firmness. Not a sound interrupts the solemn stillness; but hardly have the soldiers passed when hundreds of fists are raised in powerless rage, and angry faces glower after the victors.

The two scenes, "Marching out of the militia" and "The victors' return," deserve especial notice. They march out, several hundred of these mountaineers, to battle, yodling, laughing, here and there breaking ranks to take a last farewell of some dear one. Young and old, every one who can bear arms, fall in. Wild and daring they look, these peasants, with their fantastically decorated Tyrolese hats, rusty halberds, old muskets and scythes, some even with only a stout club. Just as striking a picture presents the scene "Return of the victors," and not less so the fourth act, entitled, "During the battle of the Küchelberg."

The closing scene again leads us to the village, where the school-master, surrounded by young and old, relates in simple yet touching words the last hours of Andreas Hofer.

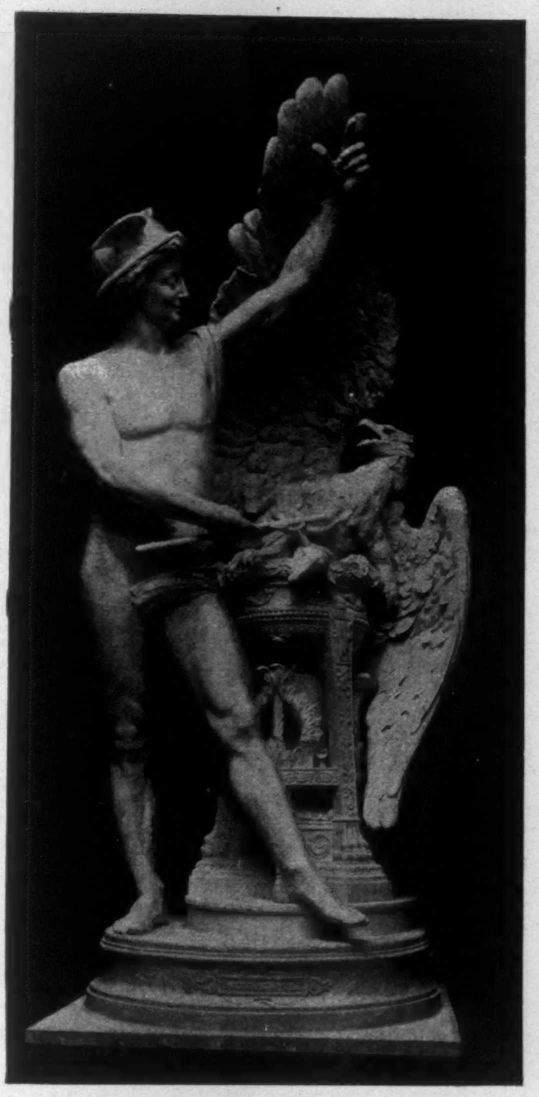
As for the acting, it is really remarkable when one considers that only three weeks intervened between the first rehearsal and the opening of the theatre.

From Andreas Hofer (Shoemaker Dechristin) and his companion in arms Speckbacher down to the least important rôle, all act naturally and easily.

The theatre was closed at the end of October, but will be reopened next spring as soon as the weather permits.

S. Vair.

"MERCURY AMUSING HIMSELF."



MERCURY AMUSING HIMSELF.

There is an old legend of Rome which relates that one day the priests of Apollo made a sacrifice to their god, but quitted the temple before the offering was consumed. The eagle of Jupiter, perceiving this neglect on the part of the priests, took advantage of the occasion to swoop down upon the sacred altar and make a meal of the consecrated victim. But Mercury, the mischief-lover, seeing this, followed the eagle, and pinioning him to the altar with the caduceus, began to worry and tease him, until the eagle was angered and attacked the god with his powerful wings, uttering fierce cries at the same time. This incident has been happily seized by Mr. F. W. Rückstuhl, the sculptor, who has embodied it in a piece of statuary, which is to be erected in Portland Place, St. Louis. As this is to be the first piece of purely decorative art put up in that city, it marks the beginning of a movement that will redound to the credit of its citizens. The work is nine feet in height, and the sculptor has admirably caught the spirit of the idea. It was shown in the Paris Salon in 1891, and afterwards in bronze. Mr. Frederic W. Rückstuhl is a resident of St. Louis, and has studied six years in Paris under famous masters. He has now removed to New York, where he has a studio.

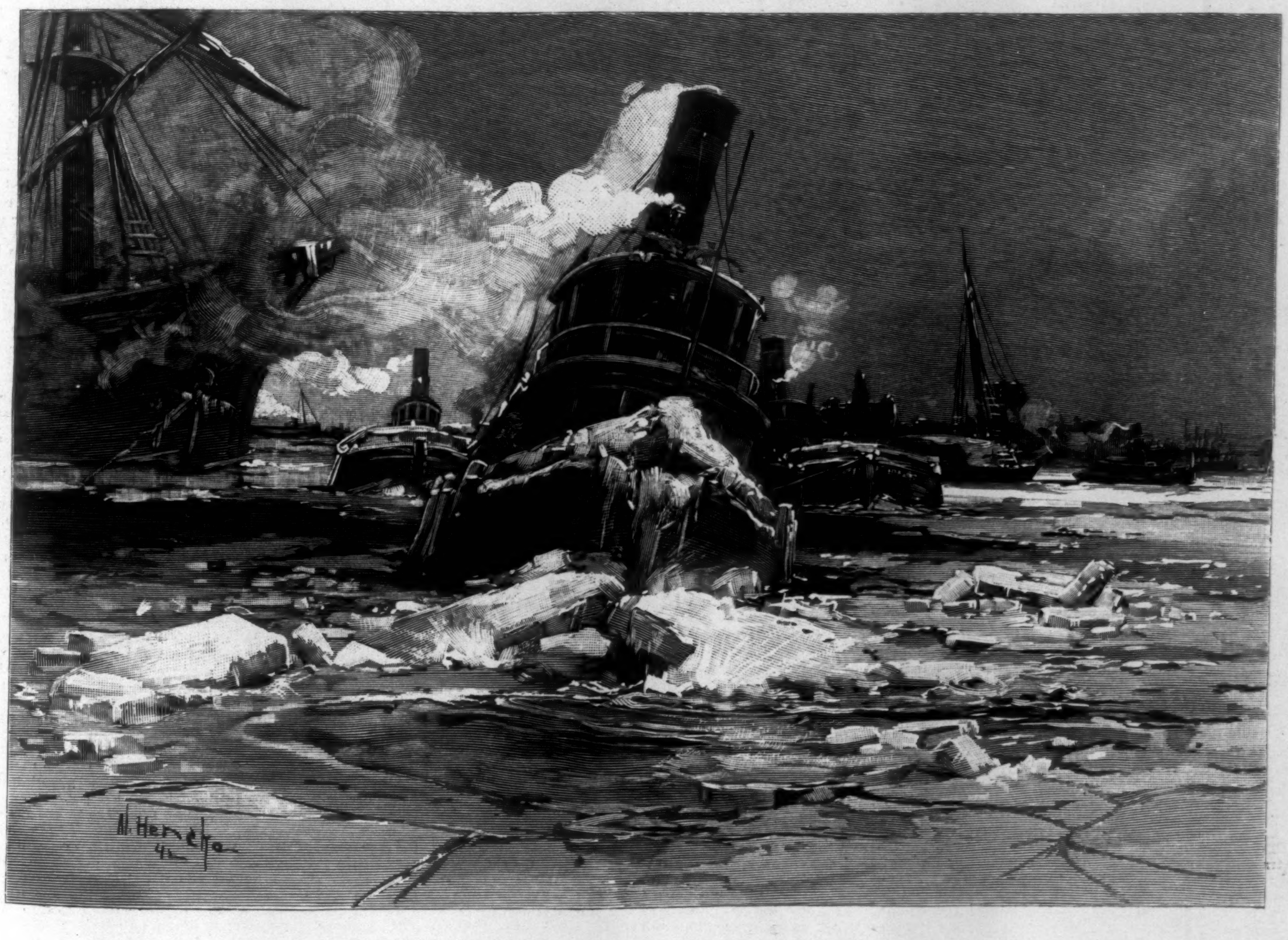
OUR NEW STATUE OF WASHINGTON.

BY FRANK G. CARPENTER.

Berlin has had a magnificent exhibition of modern paintings and sculpture during the past year. It has been held in the Austellungs Park, and a vast building covering several acres in the midst of this park devoted to it. A leading idea connected with it was the popularization of art, and concerts have been held every night in the buildings connected with it, and the Germans have turned out by the thousands with their families to enjoy the paintings, and then go to another part of the grounds and listen to some of the finest military music in the world. The paintings in the exposition are by the most famous of the modern German artists, and the rooms devoted to sculpture are full of magnificent pieces. The work which has attracted the greatest attention is the memorial statue of Washington, which Professor Rudolph Siemering is making for the city of Philadelphia. Some of the figures of this have been completed in bronze, and a life-size model of the whole monument takes up one of the largest rooms in the whole building. This room is always crowded, and the statue is considered one of the finest of modern times. It has a base which is fully thirty feet in diameter, and this base octagonal in shape, and you rise from it by easy steps to the bottom of the pedestal upon which the monument stands.

The whole structure is fully fifty feet high, or about the height of a four-story house. A great glass roof had to be built up above it in order to allow it to be erected in the Exposition Hall, and this roof slopes up to an apex at the centre, in the top of which the head of Washington almost touches. The statue itself is an equestrian one, and it represents General Washington in his Continental uniform as he marched at the head of his troops. The figure is several times life size; and the horse, which stands with the right foot raised, is an immense stallion. Washington's cloak is thrown back from his body, as though blown back by the wind, and the whole statue is full of action.

The figures about the pedestal and the base of the monument are even more artistic than the statue itself. Ascending the first steps, you reach a second platform, around which lie great figures emblematic of American life and America. There are two of these figures at each corner of the monument, and some of them are already finished in bronze. Ascending one set of steps, you pass between reclining statues of an Indian hunter and an Indian maiden, who is repairing her nets for fishing. These lie on their elbows. They are about twice life size, and they are magnificent pieces of sculpture. The fisher-girl is entirely nude, and the brave has only a breech-cloth of feathers. Below them are magnificent bronze statues of buffaloes and deer, and on other parts of the base you find other animals emblematic of America. At another corner Columbia, in the shape of a beautiful woman with a horn of plenty in her

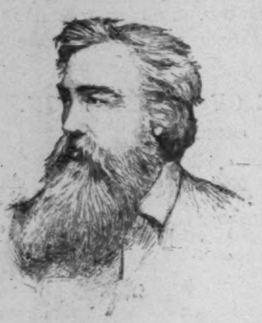


THE ICE JAM IN THE NORTH RIVER.—Drawn by A. Hencke.

hand, reclines on the pedestal of the monument, and there is a magnificent statue of America with the famous officers of the Revolution offering her the laurels of their victories. Under this is the American eagle on a shield.

To give you some idea of the size of these figures, those lying on the first base must be fifteen feet long, and the thighs of the nude fisherwoman are as big around as the ordinary maiden's waist, and her forearm is as large around as the thigh of a man. Her head is beautiful in all its proportions, but you could hardly put it into a peck measure. The statues of the animals on the base are more than life size.

This monument was begun by Dr. Siemering more than twelve years ago, and he has been working almost constantly upon it. I called upon him at his home at Charlottenburg the other day and had a chat with him about it. He told me that the whole statue was now completed, and that it would be soon sent to Philadelphia. He said that he would like to exhibit it at Chicago, but the cost of sending it there would be about three thousand dollars, and he did not feel able to incur the expense. Dr. Siemering is one of the most famous of German sculptors, and all Germany is proud of the work that he has turned out for America. It is the largest statue of Washington in existence, and it will be the finest monument in America when it is set up.


RUDOLPH SIEMERING.

Music and Drama

M. PADEREWSKI has come again, been seen again, and again conquered his audience. His powers of attraction are certainly most unusual, and he seems this year to have attained at once the full measure of financial success achieved last year. More than this, owing no doubt in a great measure to his noticeably improved physical condition, M. Paderewski plays even better this year than last, and so, from an artistic stand-point, has surpassed his previous record. One cannot help feeling that his playing has gained in repose, and his conceptions in breadth and authority; his marvellous technical mastery over the instrument appears also even greater if possible than before. All this means steady artistic growth; and it is pleasant to note this in M. Paderewski, as showing that he is too much of an artist to be led away by the enthusiasm or often unthinking plaudits of the multitude from that path which his reverence for true art and his own ambition have marked out for him.

In the programmes given thus far this season M. Paderewski has shown a commendable desire for change and novelty, and a dislike to be thought to be going over again the same ground so thoroughly covered last year. Unfortunately the list of compositions for the piano-forte, suitable for an artist like M. Paderewski, though large, is limited, and has received few additions of importance since Liszt. In thus seeking for novelty, the pianist is obliged to travel further and further from the central point of supreme excellence, and therefore in succeeding in novelty he runs the chance of failing in interest. The public which goes to hear piano recitals, too, like best to hear the well-known classics which they are familiar with, as, having in many cases heard them again and again in recital and concert, they feel competent to pass and express their judgment upon them, and find an added pleasure in so doing. M. Paderewski seems absolutely afraid of certain well-known Chopin works. One does not remember to have heard him play in this country, for example, the two best-known impromptus, either of which would probably give more pleasure to nine-tenths of his audiences than the less frequently heard barcarolle which he has taken to playing this season. M. Paderewski has no need to fear comparisons, and is in no danger of boring his audience, whatever he may play, and while his ambition always to present something new and fresh is more than commendable, he should not, one would think, dip too far into the recondite and ultra-modern in making up his programmes; old things are sometimes best, after all.

A week containing two important symphony concerts—at one of which a violin concerto by Godard was heard for the first time in this country—a first performance of a new comic opera by Gilbert and Cellier, and a piano recital by Paderewski may certainly be classed as one of marked interest, more especially as the concert of the Boston Symphony Orchestra brought forward a new pianist, Signorina Eugenia Castellano, of more than ordinary attainments and promise. The programme of the Boston Symphony Orchestra, while it contained no novelties, was unusually interesting, and showed the varied perfections of this notable organization to the fullest advantage. It is pleasant indeed to be brought in contact with artistic work of such almost absolute excellence that in the consideration of it the critic's occupation as such seems to be gone. It is all very pretty, and doubtless very learned, to pick out imperfections and call in question this or that point in the playing of Mr. Nikisch and his men, and this doubtless also serves a purpose in calling to their minds the fact that, being mortal, they may still err; but it is hardly necessary to enlarge upon merely personal opinions as to tempi and interpretation where the work undertaken is approached in the most artistic spirit and with honest intent. Even departures from established conventions are, under such circumstances, hardly worth discussing; for when all the world to-day seems bound in the trammels of conventionality and the commonplace, individuality which does not actually transgress any established canon of art is certainly at a premium, and we should therefore most admire interpretations which, while keeping within reasonably strict bounds, are nevertheless to a certain extent individual. It is hardly necessary to repeat that the precision, the wonderful nicety in shading and expression, the splendid sonority and compactness of tone, and the admirable balance of the Boston Symphony Orchestra are almost absolute in their perfection, and that Mr. Nikisch, as regards his artistic conceptions and interpretations, is a conductor and musician *hors ligne*.

These facts have been so often stated and commented on that a reiteration of them partakes of the nature of a twice-told tale. There is certainly no orchestra in this country in any sense equal to the Boston Symphony Orchestra, and very few abroad. As an illustration of the patient care and labor which attains the results so much to be admired, it is said that last year, previous to the first performance of Beethoven's "Leonora," Overture No. 3, under his direction, Mr. Nikisch made his first violins rehearse the difficult violin passages at the close for over half an hour each day for several weeks. Given artistic skill, and artistic patience exercised in this way, the result attained seems almost inevitable; and yet how seldom is such a result attained.

If they were not so odious, a number of comparisons, and notably one in regard to the refinement in the playing of the two orchestras, might be drawn between the concert of the Boston orchestra on Thursday evening and that of the Philharmonic orchestra on Friday afternoon; but besides being odious, comparisons, where the point of departure differs so radically as in this instance, are neither useful nor instructive, and so are perhaps best let alone. The Godard Concerto, which was written for him, was played by Mr. Wolff with great taste and refinement, and will undoubtedly prove a valuable addition to the repertoire of the concert stage.

If practice and example may be held to mean anything, we may shortly expect a revised and improved edition of Beethoven's symphonies, from the pen of Mr. Theodore Thomas. The musical world was recently set agog by the announcement that Mr. Thomas had had the audacity, and certainly questionable taste, at a recent performance of the Ninth Symphony, in Chicago, to transpose the last movement a whole tone down into C major. The reason given for this unwarrantable action was that the choral portion of the work would sound better; but this is no excuse at all, for if Mr. Thomas's chorus could not sing the music as it was written to his satisfaction, he had better have let the symphony alone altogether. Such a distortion of the evident meaning of a composer like Beethoven cannot be too strongly deprecated. It is all very well to say that the pitch in Beethoven's time was considerably lower than that in use at the present time, but this has nothing whatever to do with the case, as a variation in pitch does not alter the relation of the intervals in tonality. The key in which it is written has everything to do with the effect of a piece of music, and whatever may be the cause, each key has distinguishing characteristics and effects peculiar to itself, which are not reproduced when the tonality is changed. No composer would ever think of writing the musical setting of an ode to Joy (for which the gay character of the key chosen by Beethoven, that of D major, was eminently suited) in the key of C major, which on the violins is both grave, dull, and vague it its effect. If Mr. Thomas feels himself competent to alter Beethoven's tonalities at will, the step to the alteration of the score itself is a very slight one. Mr. Thomas's love and respect for the great classics has hitherto been so marked, so commendable, and so valuable in its result to musical art in this country, that his action in this instance is all the more unintelligible and unfortunate as coming from him. In spite of the commendation of local critics, one of whom gravely announced that the last movement of the symphony was played in C minor, there can be no question that the feeling of the entire musical world is, and should be, against Mr. Thomas in thus tampering with the greatest symphonic work of all times.

Although none of the ultra-moderns figured on the programme of the last concert of the Boston Symphony Orchestra, the names of Beethoven, Berlioz, Mendelssohn, and Bruch might well be deemed sufficient warranty for the excellence of any programme. Of the two soloists who appeared, the one, Mr. Adamowski, possesses in a marked degree just what the other, Miss Castellano, is somewhat lacking in, and that is the true artistic temperament. Mr. Adamowski's style and technique are those of a refined, poetic, and educated artist, and his musical conceptions and interpretation are perhaps most admirable in that by means of them one is led directly to the composer's meaning without having the technical means whereby that intention is expressed brought into undue prominence. This is the best proof of both the excellence of those means and of the artistic value of the entire conception. Miss Castellano is still over-young to be in just this condition, but her playing now gives ample evidence of the notable artistic future in store for her.

The first four parts of an extended musical work, entitled *Famous Composers and their Works*, published by the J. B. Millet Company, of Boston, have been received. The work is to be complete in thirty parts, and two will be issued monthly from now on until completion. The publication will, when complete, contain seventy biographies of famous composers of all nations, and seven essays on the development and cultivation of music in different countries. The work has been written on the co-operative method, and the best musical writers in Europe and America have been gathered together under the editorial supervision of Professor John K. Payne. Apart from its evident musical value, enhanced by the portraits of the composers and illustrations suggested by their works or surroundings which adorn it, the work will have an artistic value due to the excellence of the illustrations themselves, which are certainly capital. A critical view of his work follows the biography of each composer, and an additional illustration in the shape of carefully selected music, showing the principal characteristics of his particular style, is subjoined. The body of the text is made further interesting by many fac-simile reproductions of original manuscripts, which not only give the reader an interesting specimen of the composer's handiwork, but in some cases render it possible to compare the composer's original thought with its final perfected form. An elaborate index will render the entire work valuable as a work of reference; and as a guide to the proper understanding of the subject, the excellence of the letter-press and the side lights shown by the selected compositions make its value from a critical and educational stand-point most apparent. Taken all together, the list of composers of whom biographies will be furnished is very complete, although one is a little surprised to find that the name Adam does not appear among the French composers at all, and that of Boito, the author of only one single operatic work, does appear among the Italian composers. The scope of the work, however, did not, probably, admit of all the composers of actual eminence being included, and, as has been said, the list is, generally speaking, very complete. The American contributors are in the majority, the list including such well-known names as Apthorp, Elson, Finck, Henderson, Krehbiel, Wolf, and Upton. The work will be sold exclusively by subscription, and published in serial form only.

The history of the inception of the *Mountebanks*, Gilbert and Cellier's opera, which was heard for the first time in New York on Wednesday evening, is rather curious. The real cause of the quarrel between Messrs. Gilbert and Sullivan, which has been ascribed to a petty disagreement about a carpet, was really jealousy. Mr. Gilbert, it is said, felt that Sir Arthur Sullivan was getting more credit for their joint work than himself, and he was therefore anxious to prove that it was his work quite as much as that of the composer to which the success of their previous operas was due. He consequently separated from Sir Arthur, and set to work to find another composer, having previously made a contract with Mr. Horace Sedger, of the Lyric Theatre, for an opera. Mr. Gilbert's first choice was Mr. Alfred Cellier, but he very soon quarrelled with him, apparently irrevocably, and Mr. Cellier went off to Australia. Then began a veritable chase after a composer. Mr. Goring Thomas, Mr. Cowen, Signor Tosti, and others were approached, but after a short trial each expressed his disinclination to collaborate with Mr. Gilbert, and it looked for some time as if the music for the *Mountebanks* would not be written at all. When Mr. Cellier returned from Australia he and Mr. Gilbert were prevailed upon by friends to bury the hatchet, and the work was finally completed, after many delays, owing to the ill health of Mr. Cellier, who, as it will be remembered, died just about the time of the production. The opera was a *succès d'estime* in London, and ran for some months, but did not achieve a real popular success, so Mr. Gilbert's separation from his whilom collaborator can hardly be said to have proved very much in regard to the surpassing value of Mr. Gilbert's libretti. As a matter of fact, a reputation once established can stand a good many shocks. Since the *Mikado*, Mr. Gilbert has written four books for comic operas—those of *Ruddigore*, *The Yeoman of the Guards*, *The Gondoliers*, with music by Sir Arthur Sullivan, and *The Wedding March*, a recasting of a former dramatic effort, with music by Mr. George Grossmith—which have proved flat failures. Yet to-day Mr. Gilbert could command a royalty for his work alone which would be largely in excess of that which is ordinarily paid for both book and music. The book of the *Mountebanks* is essentially Gilbertian and clever, but hardly in a novel way. Much old material has been worked over, and the familiar quips and oddities of previous works appear and reappear. While both the lines and the lyrics are undeniably clever, the effect of the whole book is such as to make one believe that too great cleverness may sometimes defeat its own end.

In spite of the exceedingly brilliant lines which at times fairly sparkled with wit and satire, in spite of lyrics which, while not up to those of the *Mikado* or the *Pirates*, are undeniably good, the whole book gives the impression of "linked satire long drawn out." This appears to be due to the central idea itself rather than to the way in which it is developed. In most of Mr. Gilbert's former books the pivotal thought round which the action revolved, although whimsical, was always in and of itself humorous. In the *Mountebanks* the idea of a magic philter which turns people into whatever they are pretending to be at the moment of taking, while whimsical enough, is eccentric rather than inherently funny; in fact, to the ordinary mundane person the contemplation of the effects of such a philter as described in the *Mountebanks* is little less than terrifying. One is tempted to think that in this, his latest libretto, though Mr. Gilbert's wit is perhaps keener, finer, more trenchant, and more satiric than ever before, it is not popularly attractive wit.

In speaking of the music to which Mr. Gilbert's words have been set, one is somewhat at a loss. As a composer of light opera, Mr. Alfred Cellier enjoyed, during his lifetime, a reputation only second to that of Sir Arthur Sullivan, and it is difficult in many parts of the score to recognize the hand of even an experienced workman. Mr. Cellier was a dying man when he wrote the score of the *Mountebanks*, and knew it, and this must account for the lack of both spirit and individuality in much of the music, as well as the exceedingly sketchy character of the orchestral score. Indeed, so thin and weak did the score sound in places that one could hardly believe that it was anything more than a sketch. If Mr Ivan Caryll, as has been said, completed the opera, he must have skipped a good many numbers in the hurry and worry of production, all this allowing that the score was played as written. Apart from the exceedingly clever music allotted to the mock monks, the humorous "La, la," recitativo, admirably given by Mr. Coffin, the "Tic-tac trio," the "Nickle-in-the-slot" duet, and the finale of the first act (with which, if we mistake not, Mr. Caryll had a good deal to do), the music is distinctly uneventful. Three interpolated ballads by Mr. Caryll, and a waltz song in act two, by Mr. Karl, sung by Miss Russell, are effective in a thoroughly conventional way, but were more warmly received than any of the numbers for which Cellier is responsible.

The opera is superbly mounted, and in the main well rendered, though the effect of many of Mr. Gilbert's lines was much impaired by the way in which they were hurried over. Miss Russell did not succeed in making much of the very colorless part of Teresa (Gilbert's female heroines are always vapid) from a dramatic stand-point, but her music was charmingly sung, she looked a picture, and altogether may be credited with a hit. As Bartolo, the tragic clown, Mr. Harrison was entirely admirable, and realized the essentially Gilbertian spirit of the part in a most satisfactory, amusing, and legitimate manner. Miss Clement, too, as the Dancing-girl and companion clock-work figure, was exceedingly good, though many of the humorous possibilities of the part were lost through her evident desire to look pretty even as an automaton. Mr. Coffin as Alfredo, Mr. Carleton as Pietro, the principal Mountebank, Miss Dare as Minestra, and Mr. Dungan as the Mock Prior, were all worthy of decided commendation. The chorus, too, was unusually good; while a more beautiful scene than that of the second act, the cloisters of the ruined Dominican Monastery, with the sea in the distance, has rarely been seen on the New York stage. We are informed by the programme that many of the properties were imported from Sicily, so it is presumed that the scene is laid there; but it is rather curious that with so suggestive a *locale* neither composer nor librettist should have made the slightest attempt at local color. The good people of San Francisco and the Pacific slope did not, we are told, like the *Mountebanks*; what the verdict of the New York public will be remains to be seen.

REGINALD DE KOVEN.

CONTENT.

I AM so happy, dear, when I am near you;
Then with the mad, sad world your course pursue,
But leave for me a corner to revere you;
I am so happy just with love, and you.

When that great life that would be earth's defender
Receives a thrust from them it would have spared,
Come, then, and learn, oh! bruised heart strong and tender,
No lonely joy can equal sorrow shared.

I am not wise, except that I adore you;
Nor strong, except that love its strength hath lent;
But, dear, if all my life upflung before you
Can soften one hard step, I am content.

ANNA POOLE BEARDSLEY.

A PLEA FOR THE WEDGE IN FOOTBALL.

BY WALTER CAMP.

AT this time, when it seems to be the fad of every one who talks, writes, or plays football, to reiterate the statement that legislation must in some way demolish the wedge, it seems only fair that the other side of the question should be heard, and, particularly, that any legislation should be neither hasty nor ill-considered. I am one of those quite ready to admit that the further development of wedge and mass plays would be detrimental to the interests of both player and spectator. I stated this in a New York journal previous to the final games of this last season, and have put myself thoroughly upon record to that effect. For this reason I feel that I can ask that this article may receive the fair attention of all parties interested, and that what I propose will be regarded only as a suggestion, showing what appears to be a safe experiment to try before resorting to the knife and excising the wedge altogether. Let me first call the attention of all interested in football legislation to the fact that it has always been impossible to predict exactly the result of any alteration in the existing rules as affecting the character of the play, so that all one can do at best is to hazard guesses. "Bar out the wedge," says one; "Curtail it," says another; while "Limit its use," says a third. But the first thing to do in each of these cases must be to define the wedge, in order to legislate against it; and while we all know what is meant by "the wedge" and "wedge plays," it would be more than the best of us could do to at once give a definition of such a nature as to preclude the evasion of a rule to bar out, limit, or curtail the use of the wedge. Were we to say that a certain number of men when massed together constituted a wedge, what number would we select? and how should we consider a number of men starting from different points, and not massing until the runner and his interferer had struck the line? There are great possibilities in this line still undeveloped.

Still others have suggested that the problem might be solved by a ruling forbidding the men to hold on to one another in the wedge formation. But here, again, it would be practically impossible for the umpire to decide, because the men in mass plays are so quickly in the midst of the opposing players, that the law would prove a dead letter as far as strict ruling was concerned, and only render the umpire's lot a still more disagreeable one.

A suggestion has been made that the wedge be permitted only inside the twenty-five-yard lines, or only outside the twenty-five-yard lines, thus limiting the use of it, and making the play more open. The objection stated above regarding defining the wedge is the chief obstacle to this.

But there is one objection to any legislation of this nature, and it is an objection in sustaining which I know that I may count upon the support of every devoted lover of the game. It is this, that legislation ought not to usurp the captain's rights in designating what plays he is to use so far as the placing of his men is concerned. We should give him all the chance we can for the exercise of his judgment in this respect, for it is one of the chief charms of the game. It is the result that we should ask of him rather than the means.

The plan I would propose has the merit of following close upon the heels and after the fashion of a rule which has done more to make the game satisfactory to American colleges than all the rest of the legislation combined. I refer to the five-yard rule.

As we now provide against the block game (which was to the spectator of the nature of the present wedge) by saying that in three consecutive attempts the ball must be advanced five or taken back twenty yards, so we can by following out a similar line provide, I believe, for the lessening of the wedge plays, and the introduction of many very pleasing long passes and combination plays. The rule might be combined with the five-yard rule, and provide that in perhaps two downs or fairs, if the ball be not advanced ten yards, it must traverse a space of twenty yards across the field either in the hands of a player or not. When a gentleman in San Francisco first mentioned a similar proposition to me I was inclined to hesitate about advocating it, but the more I have turned it over in my mind the more feasible it seems. In the first place, it will materially lessen one of the "grown-too-great" features of our present style of play. Possession of the ball has become abnormally desirable. It has been demonstrated that a strong team, even against skilled opponents, can carry the ball from kick off to touch-down without giving the opponents an opportunity of exhibiting any offence, and to be scored upon before having a chance at the ball discourages any team too much at the outset. Possession of the ball ought to be valuable, but not to such an extent, and the rule above suggested would insure the more frequent exchange of possession.

Then, again, it would probably stimulate kicking, and especially long passes toward the ends as well as end running, and these are the features which please not alone the ordinary spectator, but every football player who watches the great games.

Finally and best of all, such a legislation avoids any arbitrary assumption that the wedge is bad or unskilful or dependent upon brute force, avoids placing the umpire in a position which no man could possibly fill with satisfaction to himself, permits the captain to select his own method of play, and only provides for the results that he must accomplish.

The wedge play will continue to be used, but to a more limited extent, and with a probably greater distance of movement before meeting the line. The wedge play is not a mere weight play. It is a play that when well designed and skilfully executed has behind it weeks of planning and study. The University of Pennsylvania's wedges were models of skill. The Harvard flying wedge was a piece of clever headwork. The wedges which drove Butterworth through any line that opposed Yale were not mere push-plays. The wedge has a right to stay, and ought to be given a chance. But the wedge has a way of tying up the play to a too limited space; it has a way of exhausting and using up men who face it too many times in succession. Those outside the lines can seldom see its plan of action; they can only see the mass, and it loses its interest when worked too often. It ought to be *a possible play*, but not *all the play*, and legislation which will induce the captain for the interest of his team to use other plays as well is the legislation that will be productive of the best results in the end.

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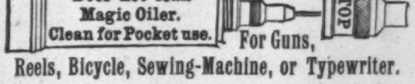
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MISS MAUDE ADAMS AS SHE APPEARS IN THE FIRST ACT OF "THE MASKED BALL."

MISS MAUDE ADAMS.

On October 3d of last year Mr. John Drew made his first appearance as a star in *The Masked Ball* in this city. His success was so actual that he has been here ever since, and other cities in which he was announced to appear have had to wait with patience for his delayed coming. It is not necessary to tell the people of these cities anything about Mr. Drew. He was known to them as a member of Augustin Daly's company when he had less to do; and now that he has more to do, and that there is more of a good thing in consequence, they will like him the better in proportion.

It is not of Mr. Drew that we need speak.

He has with him, as the leading lady of his company, Miss Maude Adams, and it is for her coming that the people of those cities towards which *The Masked Ball* is now making its way should be prepared, that they may not miss seeing her. People who write for the papers are very fond of discovering those who, so they declare, have "leapt into success with a bound," and who have "awakened one morning to find themselves famous." This sort of success seems to be much more popular with the reading public than the slow, plodding, and long-striven-for success which every one has watched in the coming. It often happens that the objects of these sudden successes are spoilt by this chorus of as sudden praise, and turn out badly. The success of Miss Adams has been followed by this chorus of praise; but the success was founded on five years of training on the stage, and of twenty years of association with it through members of her own family.

So Miss Adams has done more than attain success, she deserves it, and is, in consequence, not likely to be spoilt. Miss Adams has appeared in many different parts, from the *ingénue* one of the school-girl in *A Midnight Bell* to the emotional rôle of the crippled working-girl in *The Lost Paradise.* She was with Mr. E. H. Sothern, and appeared in *The Maister of Woodbarrow*, and as Dora in *Diplomacy* with Charles Frohman's company. She has had the advantage, in consequence, of seeing many different people play different parts, and of playing them herself, and has been fortunate in having been frequently in the same cast with her mother, who is an actress of experience. She is now in her proper element in light modern comedy, and it is as a comédienne that she will probably continue to be best known and best liked.

It is a good deal to say of so young a woman, but it is rather difficult to see just who is going to prevent Miss Adams from becoming the leading exponent of light comedy in America. We have emotional actresses and comic-opera queens and soubrettes without number—we have one or two who appear in the parts played by Miss Mary Anderson—but we have very few leading women who have not already passed beyond that age when the part of the young and *ingénue* wife, so dear to the writers of modern comedies, is becoming.

Miss Adams possesses much more than the delightful quality of youth, which is of chief value to her, or should be so, because it enables her to wait, to make her way slowly, and to train herself for the higher flights to come. She possesses, besides this, a manner charmingly refined, and yet piquant and daring, a naturalness that makes even the strained lines which the author may put into her mouth sound natural and appropriate, and a lightness and waywardness of touch which fascinates both women and men, and the critical and the uncritical among her audiences. She reads certain lines in a way particularly her own, and most charmingly—as, when her former lover, who had sent his rival, her present husband, to her to plead for him, upbraids her for marrying his proxy, and she says: "But why did you send such a nice proxy? It was very *foolish* of you." When Miss Adams speaks this line there is not a man in the audience who hears but agrees with her warmly and emphatically, and feels a sudden bitter contempt for the foolish gentleman.

And when, after giving her husband many different and excellent reasons why she does not drink champagne, of which he has been told she is inordinately fond, she adds, "Why, I just hate the stuff!" there is something more convincing in the way she says it than would be a course of temperance for the rest of her married life. And in contrast to this is the rebuke to the old lover, who tries to make her say she regrets she has married his rival, and which is given with such dignity that the child of a minute before seems to have developed suddenly into a woman.

What Miss Adams should do now is to burn her scrap-book of notices, if she keeps one, and all the articles about her leap into success, and prepare to lay siege to the place she will take some day on the American stage.

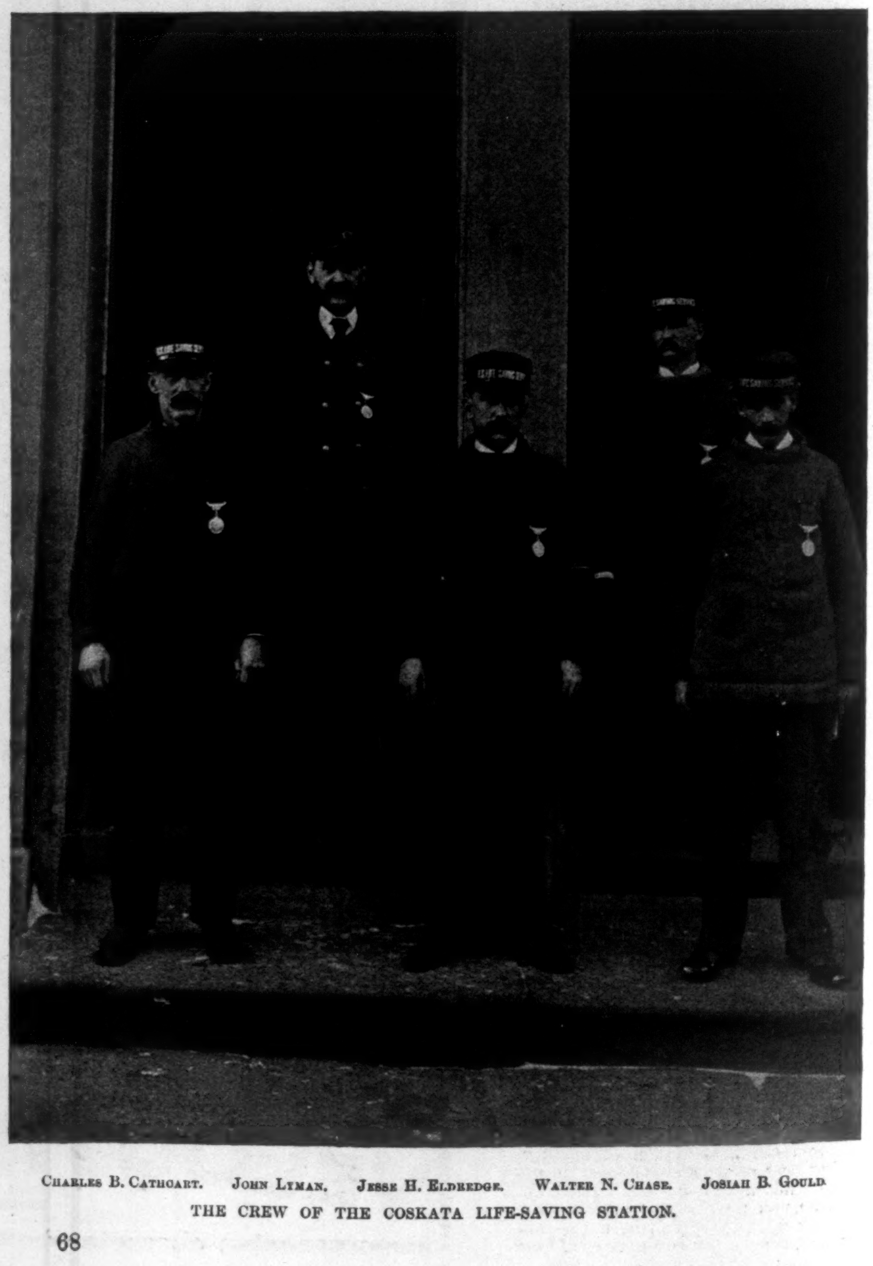
It is not what the papers or the people at the next one-week stand are going to think of her that is important, but what they are going to think of her three years from now or fifty years after she is dead. Hers is distinctly a waiting race, a race in which she can fill in her time seeing the people of the world she is going to portray on the stage, and not only the people of the world who do the portraying. She should study them, and dissect them, and listen to them talk, and hear what they think is worth saying, and keep on learning, and cultivating and caring for the gifts already hers. She is like a very fine violin that is to be played upon some day, and which should in the mean time be kept away from open windows and steam heat, and touched only by the best artists, who would play only the best music, and then, when the time comes, the instrument will be in good order and give out the best music. It is true, as injudicious friends have said, Miss Adams did awake one morning—the morning of the 4th of October—to find herself famous, but she can afford to go to sleep again. She can afford to wait. For when she is ready to take the place she is sure to take some day, she will find very few others there to crowd her.

REWARDED BY THE GOVERNMENT.

On the night of January 20, 1892, the light-keeper at Sankoty Head, on Nantucket Island, discovered flashes of light out at sea, and knowing that they were signals of distress, immediately telephoned to the Coskata Life-Saving Station that, as near as he could make out, a vessel was stranded on Bass Rip. "All right, watch her. We will go to her at day-break," was the answer After calling in the morning patrol and giving his men breakfast, the station-keeper launched his boat and started for Bass Rip—eight miles off—in a raging sea, through snow squalls driven by a heavy northern gale. The grippe had weakened all his men, three were at home sick, and raw substitutes were in their places. One of the crew had just recovered from pneumonia. The thermometer was down to 12°, and continued at that point throughout that and the following day.

Sail was set, and after a perilous run the Rip was made; then it was discovered that the vessel was five miles beyond, on the Rose and Crown Shoal. Nothing daunted, the little surf-boat, only twenty-three feet long, kept on out into the roaring sea, and at eleven o'clock the wreck, which proved to be the three-masted schooner *H. P. Kirkham*, was reached. The hull had already sunk and was breaking up, and the crew of seven souls were in the rigging The perilous task of rescuing these men and at the same time preserving the station-boat from being swamped or stove was at last accomplished, and the effort to return to shore in the teeth of the gale begun. As the mast and sail were now useless, and only added weight to the already overloaded boat, they were thrown overboard. Out of sight of land, surrounded by miles of dangerous rocks, on which the waves broke with terrible fury, these men tugged at the oars for life. Dark coming on six hours afterwards, found them only one mile from where the wreck had been, for it had gone entirely to pieces within an hour after the crew were taken off. All that night the freezing life-savers battled with the cutting gale and the icy sea, and all that night the shipwrecked men, who had been fifteen hours in the rigging, lay helpless in the bottom of the boat. When morning dawned it was found that land was not far off, but it brought little hope, for the men were almost completely exhausted. Tide, however, favored them, and at about ten o'clock, after thirty hours of desperate struggling, without having tasted a morsel of food, they landed at the little hamlet of Siasconsett, eight miles from their station. For this act of bravery, which the United States government was pleased to call one of the most courageous in the service, the pay of all was raised to the highest allowed in the service, and the keeper was awarded a gold medal, and each of the crew a silver one. These medals were publicly presented before a large audience at Nantucket on January 9, 1893.

The following are the names of the crew: Walter N. Chase, captain; Jesse H. Eldredge, John Lyman, Charles B. Cathcart, Josiah B Gould, George Flood, Roland Perkins. Of these, Flood was not present to receive his medal, and Roland Perkins, the man who had at the time just recovered from pneumonia, had been called before a higher tribunal for his reward, having died a short time after from the effects of the exposure on the night of the rescue.



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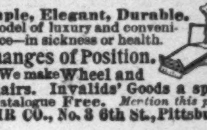

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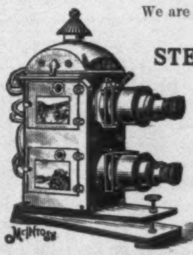

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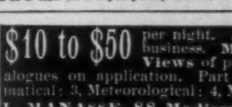

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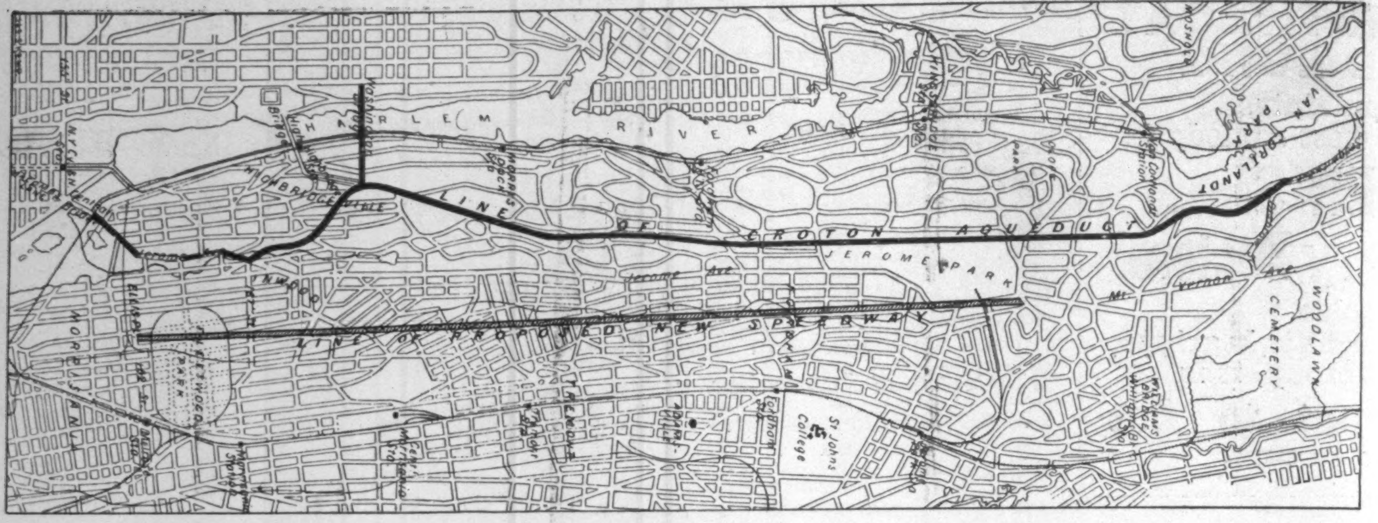

MAP OF PROPOSED SPEEDWAY.

THE PROPOSED SPEEDWAY.

BY CASPAR W. WHITNEY.

THE project of a speedway or grand boulevard, to serve the double purpose of driving-course and connecting link between the system of new parks in the annexed district and that part of the city lying south of the Harlem River, is one which must command the attention of every citizen of New York, whether he be Tammanyite, Democrat, Republican, or mugwump. The agitation of the speedway bill last winter clearly demonstrated that public sentiment favors such a driveway, but it also proved beyond question that a speedway in Central Park will not be tolerated. Aside from the fact that there is no space for such a drive in Central Park, and the people do not want any encroachment on their one (at this time) accessible pleasure-ground, it does not take a great deal of foresight to appreciate that the annexed district is the only one in which such a boulevard would be feasible, to say nothing at all of the desirability of such location. Bearing in mind that the city grows at the rate of about 50,000 a year, it is easily calculated that in five or ten years from 250,000 to 500,000 souls will be added to our present population. It is quite as easily foreseen that in the present crowded state of affairs below the Harlem River the very natural progress of the increased population must be northward. Apart, therefore, from the mere material advantages to the city of a speedway in the appreciation of real estate along the line, the gratification of a rapidly growing class of drivers and riders (for there are to be bridle paths), and the breathing-spots afforded those less-fortunate ones whose outing depends on "shanks' mare," it is clearly seen that such a thoroughfare must in the course of a very few years become an actual necessity.

Granting, then, that such a driveway is both desirable and essential, the question of route becomes a most important one. In determining on a route three considerations present themselves most prominently, viz., ease of access to those below the Harlem River, economy in construction, and permanent benefit.

In Commissioner of Street Improvements Louis J. Heintz's report, made recently, he advises a route which, briefly, begins at East 161st Street in the Twenty-third Ward, and extends north, with the Harlem Railroad to the west and Jerome Avenue on the east, to the Mosholu Parkway in the Twenty-fourth Ward. The one advantage of this route lies in the configuration of the land, a ridge extending a greater part of its length, which would make the proposed speedway free to a considerable extent of grade crossings. But this advantage would seem to be more than outweighed by the tremendous cost of construction, which would include over forty bridges, and a viaduct 800 feet long and 60 feet high over the depression between 174th and 176th streets. Added to this would be the further cost of acquiring land. The proposed boulevard would go through a section pretty well built up, and it would be necessary to buy 1,921.37 city lots, besides, according to Mr. Heintz's report, 155 dwellings and 64 sheds more or less taken.

The approach to this roadway would be rather indirect, while the boulevard itself would stop short about a mile of Van Cortlandt Park, which is the most extensive and most beautiful of our public pleasure-grounds. To extend it to Van Cortlandt Park it would be necessary to make a sharp turn to the eastward after passing Jerome Park. (See map.)

The construction of any boulevard on the scale proposed would be a matter of great cost even at its cheapest, and should be planned to answer for all time. The statement of Mr. Heintz, in this connection, that it should be built with "the greatest economy and advantage, and with the least possible interference with the present and future conditions of streets and avenues, and the inevitable growth of trade and business enterprise," augurs well for the Commissioner's conception of what the people want, but the route he has suggested bespeaks his ignorance of the annexed district.

Probably less than ten per cent. of the citizens of New York know that the city owns a strip of land about one hundred feet wide beginning at about 170th Street, and running through the most beautiful section of the annexed district, on out past the city limits. Such, however, is a fact, and the old Croton aqueduct is the property. The building of the proposed boulevard along the route of the aqueduct would have manifold advantages. First, in point of economy, the city already owns one hundred feet in width, and the remaining eighty-two throughout its length could be purchased at a much lower figure than in any other section of the annexed district, because it is unimproved land to an almost entire extent. Its location is greatly superior to that advised by Mr. Heintz, insomuch as an approach could be made direct from the new Macomb's Dam Bridge, which would take drivers across from Riverside Drive, St. Nicholas Avenue, or the Boulevard, and still another connection could be made at Washington Bridge.

Starting from either of these points, it would give the easiest and most direct communication with our driveways below the Harlem, and run through a part of the annexed district, which, where it is built up, has far outstripped any other in handsome residences.

It would go along the east side of Jerome Park and the west side of Van Cortlandt. Its total length would be about six miles, and it could be made a grand boulevard unequalled in the world.

This is no matter for political predilection, but one in which every denizen of New York is interested. We want the greatest good to the greatest number at the smallest cost.

WINTER DAWN.

THE air is cold and crisp and clear,
  The East is olive, tinged with gray,
And slender salmon strips appear
  Beyond the faint hills far away.

The stars have faded in the blue,
  And in the fast-approaching light
I see the distant train pursue
  Its course across the wastes of white.

Its whistle long and sharp and shrill,
  Pierces the stillness, ashen, drear,
And great smoke billows rise, and fill
  With clouds the liquid atmosphere.

And in that smoke that upward flows
  I note the light of day unfurl,
For now dawn's tender airy rose
  Is trembling in its folds of pearl.

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AMATEVR · SPORT

Barring American yachts from competition in the race for the *Meteor* Challenge Shield, which the German Emperor has presented to the Royal Yacht Squadron, is a very deft compliment to the prowess of American yachtsmen and the skill of our designers. It is distinctly of German extraction, but none the less a compliment. It must be remembered that his Imperial Majesty spent a great deal of his time last season in trying with his yacht, the *Meteor*—which is the old *Thistle*, that attempted to capture the *America's* Cup from us, rechristened—to win a race from the Englishmen. He probably believes, and with good reason, that he can build a yacht over there that will defeat any boat flying the British flag; but he knows his Shield would come to this country were he to open the competition to American yachts. He knows, too, and he will have good reason to be more thoroughly convinced of it after the race for the *America's* Cup next September or October, that he can only beat an American yacht by an American designer. The Shield is of embossed silver, ornamented with thalers of different periods, some of them rare coins; the year of 1888, for instance, is represented by three 20-mark pieces bearing the heads of the Emperors William I., Frederick II., and William II. The imperial arms are displayed in the centre, the shield rests on a velvet mount, with the imperial crown above, and the emperor's presentation inscription below. The whole is enclosed in an oak cabinet. The conditions of the race are that it is to be sailed in cruising trim in or across the English Channel, a distance of 80 to 100 miles, open to yachts of any rig rating 100 and over; but there is to be no race unless six yachts start. If the Shield is won three times, it becomes the personal property of the victor.

This event, therefore, will not be open to Mr. Carroll when he goes abroad; but there is still the Royal Victoria Cup, which Dixon Kemp has been proclaiming as the only real world's championship trophy; and the Brenton and Cape May cups.

Up to date there has been no further addition to the American yachts that will defend the International trophy. Mr. Archibald Rogers and his syndicate thus far are the only ones to have placed an order for a defender, but the yachting atmosphere is full of rumors, as we go to press, of orders that are to be placed, though, strange enough, not one of them hails from Boston. Two other syndicates are reported to be on the verge of ordering a cup-defender, both composed of New York men—one headed by E. D. Morgan, vice-commodore of the New York Yacht Club and former owner of the *Wasp*, and C. Oliver Iselin, owner of the 70-foot sloop *Titania;* the other said to be of Seawanhaka Corinthian clubmen. It is not unlikely that one of these orders will be placed elsewhere than with the Herreshoffs, and if so, there will be good reason for expecting yet another order to come from, say, Boston.

It would be a matter of deep regret if no Boston yacht were built for the preliminary trials, and just a bit curious, for there are several yachtsmen in and around the Hub to whom sixty or seventy thousand dollars would be a mere trifle. Chicago seems to think it should have some race on the lake; Chicago yachtsmen would do well, first of all, to place themselves in evidence, and no better year can there be than this. Here is an opportunity, if these yachtsmen want to declare themselves, for a cup-defender syndicate from Chicago. The truth of the matter is, a cup-defender of the present size is an utterly useless machine after the event is over, and an extremely expensive affair to race at all times.

Of course Mr. Carroll's yacht will be eligible, and will undoubtedly be raced in the trials if she does well abroad; she will be raced at all odds, probably, because we shall be able to get a line on the other yachts through the Carroll boat after her season in English waters.

It will not astonish American sportsmen who are more or less familiar with the disinclination on "the other side" to take up modern ideas, especially if they are American, to learn that the Royal Canoe Club of London has again refused to recognize the sliding seat. When they first prohibited its use in '88, there was not such especial wonder, for the English are slow to learn; but to do so now, after the experience of the last four years, and the great strides we have made in the sport, means that this once pre-eminent canoe club has set its face against progression. There was a time, about a dozen or fifteen years ago, when the Royal Canoe Club was the most influential of the world, but from the time that we took up the sport, we have steadily improved in our craft and our skill, until to-day the Royal Canoe Club is a back number, while we lead the universe. There is an English association called the British Canoe Association, which has always been a mere perfunctory body that failed to influence even its own members. On the other hand, the influence of the Royal C. C. among English canoeists has been considerable, and the result of the recent action of the Royal in prohibiting the sliding seat may be watched with interest. It means much to English canoemen. Neither racing nor cruising in England has had very much life for several years. It has gradually reached a comatose state, from which only some radical movement can arouse it. If the other clubs have sense enough to appreciate their predicament and to countenance the sliding seat, they will rejuvenate their racing, give some life to canoeing, and put the ancient Royal Club upon the shelf, with the cobwebs which seem more to its liking.

The preservation of our timber-land and protection of what game there is left in the sections where once it abounded are matters that should have the earnest, vigorous support of every sportsman in the United States. *Forest and Stream* is doing good work in this direction by the circulation of a pamphlet opposing the projected railroad through Yellowstone National Park. The road proposed is to connect Cooke City, a small mining camp just outside the northeast corner of the park, on Soda Butte Creek, with Cinnabar, a station on a branch of the Northern Pacific Railway. The promoters of the road claim the proposed route, viz., down Soda Butte Creek to the East Fork or Lamar River, and on to the Yellowstone, to be the only practical one; but actual surveys prove that there are others equally as good, if not better. There are always to be found land adventurers backing railroad schemes, and this proposed invasion of the National Park is no exception to the rule. Every bit of forest-land, every section in which the game is comparatively plentiful, is simply beset by speculative sharks, and overrun by pot-hunters and that most despicable of all men who carry a gun, the wanton slaughterer, who kills out of season as quickly as in season, and rejoices in the mere killing long after he has secured a *sportsman's* "bag."

I have always maintained that papers devoted to the cause of honest sport should never publish the big-bag records which are sent them from time to time, except to hold up the names of the butchers to severest criticism. A very large percentage of this weak-headed kind of men are incited to slaughter by a spirit of emulation which they hope may lead to their outbutchering all the other butchers. Probably if they did not read of these unsportsmanlike bags, they would not attempt to secure a record. Many men sin from pure ignorance. They really do not know that it is unsportsmanlike in the extreme to, for instance, trap bear—or anything else, for matter of that, except vermin—to use a shot-gun on deer, or blaze away at a bird that is not on the wing. If all our editors will insist on the suppression of big bags, and criticise mercilessly all cases of unsportsmanship that come under their notice, there undoubtedly will be a marked improvement in the ethics of sportsmanship throughout the country. And I do not refer to the editors of sportsmen's papers only, but to the editors of all papers.

The protection of our game and the preservation of our forest-land are matters not for the consideration of sportsmen alone, but for every thinking citizen of the United States. The casual reader little appreciates what he owes to the sportsmen of this country, for it has been through their efforts, individually and collectively, that so much good has been done. I have generally found the average man a good fellow at heart, and if the newspapers will help educate him on these lines of sportsmanship, he will not, as a rule, be found obdurate.

The past year has shown a much greater compliance with the game-laws all over the country, and there has been, too, a noticeable improvement in the activity of game-wardens, for which we return thanks to the numerous associations that are forming everywhere for the protection of game and fish. In the cities, particularly here in New York, the members of the Game Protection Association have been after all offending restaurants where birds out of season were served, with a sharp stick, with the gratifying result of bringing them all to court. Political pulls have interfered in one or two cases, and it should be recorded among sportsmen of this country that Delancey Nicoll, our District Attorney, has failed, although repeatedly urged, to prosecute Delmonico on undoubted evidence gathered by the Game Association members. Mr. Nicoll is, therefore, not only no sportsman himself, but is hampering the good work of men who are sportsmen. We want an association in every State, and these, together with the more national work and influence of the Daniel Boone and Davy Crockett Club, will make us one of these days a nation of sportsmen in the very best interpretation of the word.

The Boone and Crockett Club, at its semiannual dinner last week, decided definitely on building a hunters' camp at the World's Fair. An island has been secured, and upon it there will be built the typical log cabin of the mountaineer, with all the accessories to a life in the Rockies. The idea is to give an insight into the frontiersman's mode of living and method of locomotion. The old-time prairie schooner will be on the island in all its pristine glory, and along with it pack-saddles and burros, and a hunter to illustrate all the mysteries of the diamond hitch. There will be also rifles of primitive and modern pattern, snow-shoes, etc. It will be an attempt to give people an object-lesson in the urgent need of protecting our game and timber-land. Few realize or even ever hear of the great work this club is doing constantly towards the preservation of our game and forests, and the education of the people to a rightful understanding of what qualities make the true sportsman. It is unobtrusive in its work, but collectively and individually it is hammering away continuously in the good cause. Probably the lay reader will appreciate the influence the club may bring to bear when I say that its membership at dinner last Wednesday night included Theodore Roosevelt, Arnold Hague, Hon. T. B. Reed, Secretary of Interior Noble, General Greely, M. H. Phillips, Royal Phelps Carroll, L. Nicholls, W. A. Chanler, Owen Wister, West Roosevelt, Hon. Bellamy Morer, Austin Wadsworth, Hon. H. Cabot Lodge, George Bird Grinnell, A. Gordon Cumming, Captain Frank Edwards, U.S.A., J. A. Chanler, and W. Warren.

On the opening of another college year it is timely to declare the death of a victim last spring demands a cessation of dangerous society initiations. College fraternities have many good features, I will admit; but when their tradition and mystery and brotherly love are allowed to stand as an excuse for manslaughter, the time has come to treat college affairs properly and reasonably, and not as though college men were in a world unto themselves, controlled by no laws save those they may impose.

In the category of collegiate "white sins" many apparently trivial things have been included, with few murmurs of disapproval; but when a man's life becomes the toll, graduate and undergraduate influence should combine to root out all traditions which tolerate "white sins" that are likely to darken innocent lives. That the college authorities should allow a guileless Freshman to actually intrust his life to the rough handling of a body of upper-class men may not be wrong, but it certainly is not very hopeful in its portent, nor does it reflect very great credit on the American college. Something is wrong, something is essentially bad, and an improvement must come sooner or later. Unless the leaders take a step soon, the change may not come until the Freshman classes begin to be decimated; and then the past can hardly be undone.

Yale, to her credit be it said, falls in line with an undergraduate football captain, and Hinkey, the silent man, has fulfilled his destiny. One year ago last October, an unknown and unnoticed Freshman, he went out to the field with a score of others, and to-day he holds the most popular captaincy in college, and has in his hands the management of perhaps the most tenderly nurtured of all Yale's athletic branches. I know of no better commentary upon the value of brains and skill than this, for Frank A. Hinkey is a by no means exceptional man in point of physique, being rather slight of figure and of no extraordinary muscular development. But his play has been that of a careful student of the ever-varying situation, and upon a team and in a university where merit can always win a place.

It is a subject for rejoicing, also, to learn that while this writing is still in the press there is being made one more effort toward the protection of college sport from the professional element. No body of men can ever have the advantages enjoyed by the college men in the way of opportunities for perfect purity in sport. The college man is usually so situated as to be free from feeling the pressure of financial inducements, his time is his own for several hours each day, his associations are such as to lead him to the best spirit of sport, and, finally, the reward he is taught to look for is victory, not emolument. And yet there have been increasing tendencies toward the breaking down of the old barriers which surround college sport and the entrance of professional methods.

Men have been induced to go from one college to another, have been led to return to college for graduate courses, have been taken in for special branches, looked after during vacation in one way or another, and all this has not been done, I am sure, without the chink of the shilling sounding somewhere; and that cursed jingle will in time drown the protests of the best of us if it be not checked speedily.

I have always been an advocate of limiting the eligibility in college sports to the undergraduate, and I know that such a limitation, though it may for a time, perhaps, lower the standard of skill, will elevate the standard of purity.

By all means let us have only the undergraduate on 'varsity teams, and special professional school men and graduates from other colleges barred.

One of the most noteworthy features in the organization of the Southern Intercollegiate Athletic Association was the determination to keep the quasi-professional out of all competitions. It was resolved that each college entering a championship game must send, at least two weeks before the contest, a list of men from whom its players are to be taken. Any one on the list suspected to have done anything to mar his amateur standing can be challenged, and a most searching investigation follows. A competitor to be eligible must show that he is a *bona fide* student, "pursuing at least five hours of recitations weekly, or ten hours of laboratory work."

Thus it is that the good work towards keeping college sport clean grows apace.

The rules of the Southern Association in football are those of our Northern colleges, with the exception of the one relating to the number of years a student may play. With us it is five years; with them, six. It is entirely proper for a few years, and until the South has made more progress in the game, that the college elevens have all the graduate material available. The six-year limit, therefore, is none too generous. That reminds, however, that the five-year limit of the Northern colleges, or really those on the Atlantic particularly, is about one year too long. Four years is as long as the average man remains at college, and the extra year is a possible inducement that is not needed nowadays.

The members of the Southern Association include Johns Hopkins University, St. John's College, University of Virginia, University of North Carolina, Wake Forest College, University of the South, Sewanee (Tennessee) University of Tennessee, University of Alabama. There will be two circuits of the associations—the Northern of five, and the Southern of three clubs. This arrangement is to avoid long and expensive trips, which would otherwise have to be taken by colleges so far apart as Johns Hopkins and the University of Alabama. The two nearest each other will play first, then the nearest winners, and finally the champions of the two sections. The final game next year in baseball will be played at Richmond, Virginia, May 13th, and the football championship decided on Thanksgiving day at the same city.

It is pleasing to note that the good results in sustaining the tone of the sport which attended the management of the Yale-Princeton game here by the University Athletic Club, have reached even to the South, where at Richmond a club is forming which will do for the Southern Thanksgiving-day game what the University Athletic Club did for the Northern one. Track athletics received no recognition from the recently organized association, it being considered advisable to bend all energy towards making a success of the more popular baseball and football championships. Johns Hopkins University, however, will hold a field day next May, when all the Southern colleges will be invited to send whatever jumpers and sprinters they may have. The one sure way of developing athletes in a college is to offer cups for individual and class excellence. Class rivalry will succeed when all other means fail.

The athletic movement in the South is a strong one, and evidently come to stay.

Speaking of class cups, the last college year saw recognition in at least two instances of this wisest and most certain method of developing athletic material. C. C. Cuyler gave a very handsome cup to his *alma mater*, Princeton, to be contested for by class football elevens; and Thomas De Witt Cuyler, Yale, '74, offered three cups for inter-class contests for football, rowing, and track athletics at New Haven. The cups being won three times by any class become the property of that class. These two Cuylers, by-the-way, are brothers, and good sportsmen they are indeed. If every college that wished to create particular enthusiasm in any branch of sport would offer similar cups, their efforts would be well rewarded. Harvard will average more good punters and goal-kickers than any other university, and the reason is easily found in the annual competitions in punting and drop and place kicking for a trophy. The naval cadets at Annapolis strengthened their academy team immeasurably by holding class championships, and West Point will do much towards retrieving the laurels lost last year by following the example of its rivals.

The standing of the polo teams for '92, as compiled from the Association records, follows:

Club.	Games played.	Games won.	Games lost.	Per cent.
Rockaway	5	4	1	.80
Harvard	7	5	2	$.71\frac{3}{7}$
Morristown	7	5	2	$.71\frac{3}{7}$
Essex	3	2	1	$.66\frac{2}{3}$
Myopia	8	5	3	$.62\frac{1}{2}$
Country Club of Westchester	10	6	4	.60
Prides Crossing	4	2	2	.50
Meadow Brook	12	4	8	$.33\frac{1}{3}$
Philadelphia	4	1	3	.25
Westchester of Newport	1	0	1	.00
Beverly Ravens	1	0	1	.00
Newport	1	0	1	.00
Oyster Bay	1	0	1	.00
Hingham	2	0	2	.00
Brookline	3	0	3	.00

Caspar W. Whitney.

"HOW WOMEN SHOULD RIDE."—By "C. de Hurst."—Illustrated.—Price, $1 25.—Published by Harper & Brothers.